

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES {
VOLUME LIII.

No. 3519 December 16, 1911

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VOL. CCLXXI.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

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THE GLEANERS.

When the pale moon is leaning
 From Heaven's high blue,
 When faintly and far
 Gleams the gold of a star,
 Then I know that God's gleaners are
 gleaning
 The dim stubbles over and
 through.

Little light feet are scaling
 The down-trodden stems,
 And black eyes are bright,
 Seeing far through the night,
 Where the field-mice their prizes are
 tralling
 On a pavement of dew-fashioned
 gems.

Every track in the stubble
 Makes path for the hares,
 Loping over the hill
 To feast at their will
 Where the bent straws lie arching and
 double
 In elfin-set innocent snares.

Come, swift little feet, to the foray!
 Come, gay little guests, to the
 feast!
 No night will betray
 The least word of your way,
 And the moon will tell no one your
 story
 Till Dawn pins her rose on the
 East!

Will H. Ogilvie.

The Spectator.

ARAB LOVE SONG.

The hunched camels of the night¹
 Trouble the bright
 And silver waters of the moon.
 The Maiden of the Morn will soon
 Through Heaven stray and sing,
 Star gathering.

Now while the dark about our loves is
 strewn,
 Light of my dark, blood of my heart,
 O come!
 And night will catch her breath up,
 and be dumb.

Leave thy father, leave thy mother
 And thy brother;
 Leave the black tents of thy tribe
 apart!
 Am I not thy father and thy brother,
 And thy mother?
 And thou—what needest with thy
 tribe's black tents
 Who hast the red pavillion of my heart?
Francis Thompson.

¹ The cloud-shapes often observed by travellers in the East.

AT LAST.

When all thy serenades are sung,
 And all thy gay novelles are told,
 When all thy roses red are flung,
 And all thy loves are waxen cold,
 When all the tapers honey-white
 Have failed the Masquer of Delight:—

Then like a bedesman come assay
 The carven door of Misericorde,
 Pass down the long gray aisle to pray
 Largesse from thy forgotten Lord,
 Wide are the great Cathedral gates,
 And high upon the Cross He waits.

Where scarlet is the light, and blue,
 And all the peace is love and death,
 Come, prodigal, and never rue
 Thy portion spent. The sobbing
 breath,
 The empty hands, the broken heart,
 Those be His own, His chosen part.
Rachel Annand Taylor.

VICTORY.

When that my soul, too far from God,
 In earthly furrows crawled about,
 An insect on a dusty clod
 Wandering wingless in and out:

At deepest dusk I looked above
 And saw a million worlds alight,
 That burnt the mortal vells of Love
 And left it shining infinite:

I gazed and gazed with lifted head
 Until I found my heart had wings.
 And now my soul has ceased to dread
 The weary dust of earthly things.
Laurence Alma Tadema.

ASPECTS OF THE IRISH QUESTION.

Nothing is more annoying to a Home Ruler like myself than to be assailed with doubts as to how far the Irish people really care for Home Rule. That they are going to get it seems extremely probable; that they ought to get it, or rather that Great Britain ought to grant it, is an opinion in which for my own part I heartily concur; but one would advocate it with far more assurance and far more satisfaction to one's political conscience were it not for an uncomfortable suspicion that the Irish themselves are only half-hearted in demanding it. I believe it was Lord Dufferin who remarked that the Irish did not know what they wanted, and would never be happy until they got it. There are many senses in which the epigram still holds good. The Irish suffer from a clumsy, extravagant and, above all, anti-national and unsympathetic Government; and that is a genuine grievance. But I have never been able to detect among them any of the fierce spirit of an oppressed people struggling to be free. They show none of the ardor and determination of the Poles or the Finns. They enlist in the British Army, and make unsurpassable soldiers. The Royal Irish Constabulary is the most abused, but at the same time the most popular, British institution in Ireland; and practically the whole of its rank and file is composed of Catholics and Nationalists. If Ireland is really "enslaved," it looks as though Irishmen took an unnecessarily active part in forging and riveting the fetters. They proclaim themselves the eternal enemies of the British Empire, yet they fight its battles and extend its dominions. They pose before the world as a nation held down by force, but at the same time it is they themselves who supply the bulk of the re-

cruits for the army of subjugation. They insist that they have a distinct nationality of their own, yet they have voluntarily allowed themselves to become almost wholly Anglicized in speech, dress, manners, and recreations. I do not, of course, mean to imply that when travelling through the country as an uninitiated Englishman I am not made conscious of something foreign in the atmosphere, and of a mode of life and a cast of thought and temperament that, whatever else they may be, are certainly not English. But on the whole nothing more surprises me than to note how far the process of Anglicization has spread, and how remarkably destitute are the Irish of the distinctive signs of a separate people. An average Londoner might well be puzzled to decide in what particulars or to what degree the Irish impressed him as being more alien than the men of rural Yorkshire or Cornwall. They would probably strike him as being English provincials with a difference—a difference that was far from amounting to the virtue of a genuine nationality. He would observe, of course, certain local idiosyncracies of speech and manners; but their effect would be easily outweighed by the evidence that would confront him on every side of the completeness of English domination; and if he stopped to think about the matter at all, he would probably conclude that a people reading, speaking, and writing practically nothing but English, wearing English dress, playing English games, singing English music-hall songs, copying English ways, and largely governed by English social conventions, had forfeited their right to be considered a separate nation. And it is, I think, unquestionably the fact that the nineteenth century crushed out of the Irish people

nearly all the characteristics that made them a distinctive entity. It found them Irish; it left them imitation English. It destroyed their language, their pastimes, their arts, their special social atmosphere. One by one the links that bound them to their past were snapped. One by one the emblems of their separateness disappeared. A hundred years ago Irish was spoken up to the gates of Dublin. It has now dropped to be a mere fugitive tongue of the barren and backward west. It was the language of a literature; it is to-day little more than a dialect. Indeed, the very existence, the whole purpose, of the Gaelic League is proof that the Irish, whatever they were in the past, and whatever they may become in the future, are for the time being nondescripts, half provincial English, half renegade and emasculated Irish. That does not, of course, prevent them from asserting and reasserting their title to be regarded as possessed of all the attributes of real nationality. Their insistence and volubility on the point is, indeed, doubly significant; first because it betrays an unacknowledged doubt; secondly, because it gives with some precision the measure of the vast gulf that in Ireland separates emotion and rhetoric from fact.

Then, again, with an endless flow of eloquence, the Irish reiterate that nothing but Home Rule will satisfy them, yet they hand over to Americans, Canadians, and Australians the irksome duty of financing the agitation that lies so near their hearts. They used not to do so. O'Connell, who organized a far more powerful movement than Mr. Redmond or Mr. Dillon will ever be able to inspire, supported it entirely by Irish contributions. The leaders of the Party to-day are forced more and more to sponge on America and Australia for the means to carry on their work. As a consequence, we

are presented with the amazing spectacle of eighty odd members of the British House of Commons drawing a large part of their sustenance, and therefore also of their inspiration, from foreign or Colonial sympathizers who know very little about Ireland, who are in no way responsible for its welfare, and whose generous but mistaken assistance has the effect of shifting the centre of gravity of the Irish movement from Ireland itself to another country, and of relieving the Irish people from the necessity of thinking and acting for themselves and of bearing the expense of their own political work. Things, indeed, have come to such a pass that Mr. Dillon not long ago declared that the Home Rule cause could not live for six months if deprived of American interest and support. Yet the burden of carrying it on is one that Ireland is perfectly competent to shoulder without extraneous aid. The pronounced unwillingness of the Irish people to finance the national movement out of their own pockets is not due to any lack of money. The number of professed Nationalists in the country can hardly be less than three millions. I am willing, for the purposes of this argument, to write two-thirds of them off the list as non-effectives. That would leave a million convinced Home Rulers. If each of them were to subscribe to the Party funds a shilling a year, an annual income of £50,000 would be the result; and this amount would be amply sufficient to provide for the support of the Nationalist M.P.'s and leave a handsome margin for the purposes of propaganda. I repeat, the Irish people have the money. There are at this moment over £60,000,000 on deposit in the joint-stock banks, the Post Office, and savings-banks of Ireland. The imports and exports of the country are over £120,000,000 a year. The Irish spend some £14,000,000 annually on drink, and over £3,000,000

on tobacco, and there always appears to be plenty of loose cash when it comes to a question of horse-racing or of building a new church. Yet they are so niggardly in the support of the cause of Nationalism that its leaders have to tramp the world, cap in hand, begging for the means to keep their propaganda in being.

What is one to make of all these disconcerting contradictions? Is it that Home Rule appeals to the Irish merely as a nebulous sentiment, and that their patent and increasing reluctance to sacrifice anything for it gives the measure of its essential hollowness? To say so would be, I think, to overreach the mark. But there is this unquestionable historical fact to be weighed, that the demand for Home Rule only became really formidable when it was linked on to the agrarian agitation. The land-hunger of the peasantry has undoubtedly furnished the main motive-power of the movement for political autonomy, and Irish Nationalism, to a degree that few have attempted to assess with any certainty, has been very largely the decorative, emotional, and rhetorical side of an agitation to beat rents down and get rid of landlordism. But the crisis of the agrarian upheaval is now over, and the tumult and unrest which for thirty years and more have been the backbone and the preoccupation of the Nationalist cause have pretty well subsided. What amount of innate vitality is left to Home Rule now that it is by way of being divorced from the question of the land? Is the peasant proprietor the same man, susceptible to the same influences, as in the days when the satisfaction of his historic passion for the ownership of the soil seemed an incredible dream? After all, the Irish peasant, like most other peasants, is a Tory and a materialist, and not an agitator by instinct. He has now received from political turmoil about all it is capable

of yielding; he is in possession of his holding; and his thoughts are turning to the practical problems of an agricultural existence. It is difficult to conceive of him as being the keen and staunch Home Ruler that he used to be when Home Rule was the insignia under which the battle for the soil was waged. The land was life, a tangible, immediate, crucial issue; Home Rule has never been anything but a vague, flattering, unformulated aspiration. To many peasant proprietors it is now probably even something of a menace. They would not, of course, say so—nobody in Ireland says what he thinks—but at the back of their minds they cannot help wondering whether a measure that threatens so much disturbance and ill-feeling and expense is really essential to Ireland's welfare.

Within the past fifteen or twenty years the Irish mind has shown a most hopeful inclination towards the concrete and the constructive. There is a far wider realization to-day than there ever was or could be before, that the up-building of the Irish nation depends less on the passing or the repeal of laws at Westminster, or on external assistance of any kind, than on the efforts of Irishmen in Ireland; and that those efforts, to produce their best results, must be non-political and non-sectarian. When one thinks of Sir Horace Plunkett's co-operative movement, of the Recess Committee composed of men of all ranks and religions and parties—of men, that is to say, who previously had barely conceived the possibility of having anything in common—yet meeting and formulating a programme of material betterment; when one thinks of the famous round-table conference of landlords and tenants that brought the century-old struggle for the land within sight of a decisive and more or less harmonious finish; of the Department of Agriculture and the organization that enables

it to work with and through the County Councils in bringing expert assistance and advice within reach of the farmers; of the money, thought, and care that have been devoted to the resettlement of the western peasantry on an economic basis; of the many movements that are fostering an industrial revival—when one thinks of all this, one feels justified in saying that the last decade and a half have witnessed the growth of more interest among Irishmen in the practical problems of life, and more co-operation among them in the solution of those problems, than any previous period of Irish history. New spheres of non-contentious endeavor have been opened up in which all Irishmen have participated; the old social, religious, and political barriers have shown signs of breaking down; there has been a slight but steady approximation of North and South, Catholic and Protestant, landlord and tenant, farmer and manufacturer, towards a common centre; politics have fallen back into a secondary place; and one can well understand the apprehensions of those who fear that this beneficent commingling of all Irishmen for the benefit of their common country may be retarded, and perhaps even disrupted, by the animosities and contentions that a Home Rule Bill cannot fail to arouse.

In Ireland, however, once a Nationalist always a Nationalist. The political lassitude which has crept over the temper of the Irish people since the dying down of the exhaustive passions stirred up by the Parnellite split, the not less visible disenchantment with the *personnel* and tactics of the Irish Party, the virtual collapse of the United Irish League in the districts where land purchase has brought agrarian peace, do not mean that the masses of Irishmen have in any way recanted their Nationalism. They may wear their faith more passively and in-

differently than in the days when it was associated with the prospect of material rewards, but it still represents a habit and an instinct the roots of which go far back into Irish history. Bound to their leaders—the only political leaders they possess—by many ties of long co-operation, gratitude, and emotion, there can be no question of their revolting from the Nationalist creed. That their devotion to it is mixed up with a good deal of flapping and self-pity and rhetorical vaporing is, no doubt, true enough. It is as true as that the ordinary Irish Home Ruler who has cheered for Home Rule and passed resolutions demanding it all his life has but the faintest conception of what it would mean in practice. Nevertheless, it stands for something real and potent in the life and thoughts and yearnings of the people. The main impulse towards Home Rule to-day comes, not from Ireland, but from England, or rather from Westminster. It proceeds from the presence in the British Parliament of eighty odd Nationalist M.P.'s, who hold the Government at their mercy in the sense that if they vote against it and with the Unionists it falls, and whose action in British politics is determined solely by their views, not of British, but of Irish interests. But while this is so, the fact remains that the bulk of the Irish people have never ceased to be in a state of actual or spiritual rebellion against their English rulers. It is their misfortune to be governed by a nation that is, and always must be, temperamentally incapable of understanding them, a nation that has made in Ireland its one grand administrative failure. With this ill-assorted and unproductive union the Irish have never for one moment been contented. It is not that they suffer, nowadays at all events, from actual oppression. The exceptional laws, safeguards, and precautions that are applied to Ireland and

are not applied to England are few in number, and on the whole of little account. The Irish grievances against England are preponderantly sentimental, and not material. Administrative extravagance and over-taxation, for instance, cut less deeply into the popular consciousness than the lack of sympathy between rulers and ruled. The British spirit is repugnant to five-sixths of the Irish people, and the Irish spirit incomprehensible to almost all Englishmen; and the gulf that separates them never seems so impassable as when England is most intent on doing Ireland justice. Seven centuries of turbulent history, whatever else they may have done, have not robbed the Irishry of an abiding sentiment of nationality, or reconciled them to English rule.

It is, indeed, the supreme defect of our government in Ireland that it has failed to win the trust and goodwill and co-operation of the Irish people. It is just as much an alien government to them, just as out of touch with all those qualities, instincts, characteristics, and points of view that make them a different people, as would be a German government in England. We are ruling Ireland—there can be no doubt about it—against the inclinations of the vast majority of the Irish people. Over about nine-tenths of the country, no man who is suspected of being favorable to our rule, no man who does not advocate a radical change in its spirit and methods, has a chance of being elected to the Imperial Parliament. There are innumerable lessons to be learned from Irish history, but there is none plainer than this—that until the majority of the people feel that they do in some sort control their own destinies and have in a measure a shaping hand in their own government, until they are made conscious of a harmony between Irish sentiment, instincts, and responsibility and the daily work of

Irish administration, the country will never be contented, will never be to us anything but what it is now, a source of embarrassment and weakness. Here we are with this resplendent Empire of ours, our magnificent fleet, our exalted position in the family of nations. And in all this the great masses of Irishmen have neither part nor pride. They are in the Empire, but not of it. It does not thrill them; they do not wish it well; they have never been given a chance of wishing it well. A Jamaica negro, an Indian coolie, a farmer in Assinibola, a Chinaman in Hong Kong, a Maori in New Zealand, a French peasant in Quebec, the Egyptian fellaheen, the South African Boer—all these are reconciled to our rule, are loyal to our flag, have confidence in our justice and honesty, feel themselves uplifted by a sense of brotherhood and kinship in one vast Imperial community. Ireland alone stands apart, distrustful and disaffected. What would a dispassionate inquirer make of this anomaly? Would he not at once ask whether there was anything in the system of government that we have adopted in Ireland which was different from the system we have adopted throughout the rest of the Empire? And once started along that line of inquiry, what would he find? He would find that everywhere except in Ireland we have made a practice of taking freedom and elasticity and the utmost play of local opinion as the watchwords of our Imperial rule, of allowing these distant communities to develop in their own way with a minimum of interference from London, of placing self-government in the very forefront of our policy. He would find, too, that this policy has brought us in a harvest of loyalty and devotion from many scattered and diversified dominions; that it has been the means of reconciling races hitherto separated by a seemingly incurable antagonism; that it has healed

the ghastly wounds of civil war. Would he not, therefore, be likely to conclude that it is the failure to apply this policy to Ireland that is at the root of the trouble Ireland has given us? Would he not be tempted to say to the British people: "Do in Ireland what you have done in Canada and South Africa; trust the principle that has never yet failed you; make up your minds that there is just as much human nature in Ireland as anywhere else, that coercion, or the suspicion of it, breeds resentment, antipathy, and disloyalty, and that self-government in the end will lead there, as elsewhere, to concord and the strength that comes from a willing partnership"? I think it is extremely likely that a dispassionate inquirer would come to some such conclusion; and the more he studied Ireland and realized the divergences between English and Irish character and modes of life and social and economic conditions and mental outlook, the more certain would he be that the conclusion was a sound one. And if he then transferred his attention to England and to Westminster, and saw the Imperial Parliament, already overburdened with work, discussing the drainage of the river Bann and the conduct of a police magistrate in Castlebar; or if he sat through a full-dress Irish debate in a House joyously emptied of all its British Members except the present and the late Irish Secretary, and attended only by some sixty Irish Nationalists and a dozen Irish Unionists; or if he read how the Irish Nationalists have played the devil with Parliamentary procedure and have dominated the course of British affairs, of which they know little and care less, solely by their judgment of what would suit Irish interest—would he not feel like saying that Home Rule for Ireland means Home Rule for England?

Whoever else in Ireland wants Home

Rule, I should say that the Church does not, and of all the objections to Home Rule there is none more fantastic than that it will mean Rome Rule. As a matter of fact, it is English Rule that means Rome Rule. It is English rule that has placed all Irish education under clerical control; it is English rule that, whenever there is a question between the Catholic hierarchy and the Catholic layman in Ireland, sides automatically with the hierarchy. It is the British trick or policy of ignoring the Catholic laity in Ireland and of dealing over their heads with the Church direct that, as much as anything else, buttresses and perpetuates the temporal power of Irish Catholicism. It is a truism to which all history bears witness that the most stalwart opponent that clerical domination in secular affairs can encounter is a self-governing democracy. Most English people, I believe, overrate the political influence of the Irish priesthood. It is great, but it is not illimitable. In matters where the interests or passions of the people are strongly enlisted, the priesthood is often powerless to restrain them; but then the matters in which the interests or passions of the Irish people are strongly enlisted are very few in number. The land, however, is one of them. The Church denounced the Land League and the Plan of Campaign and the crimes and disorders that accompanied them, but its denunciations were swept aside in the torrent of popular fervor. Only a few years ago cattle-driving continued and thrived in spite of the opposition of the priests. In the crisis that followed Parnell's conviction of adultery, again, the Church and the people came into fierce and bitter conflict, and, though the Church won, it was only after a struggle that for a time tore the country in twain. The Irish Catholic is by no means the most tractable of individuals, and Ultramontaniam will never

find in Ireland a footing one-half so secure as in Spain or in Austria. On the other hand, where their emotions or interests are not keenly engaged, the people accept the domination of the priesthood uncomplainingly. Education is a conspicuous case in point. The British Government and the Irish Catholic Church might almost seem, indeed, to have entered into a conspiracy for the intellectual enslavement of the Irish people. There is hardly a branch of Irish education in which Protestant England has not shown herself more Catholic than any Catholic Power on earth; and one of the interesting side-issues in the coming struggle will be to observe the conduct and policy of the official heads of the Catholic organization. The priests, as individuals, are all but invariably Home Rulers, but what is the true attitude of the Bishops and their superiors towards the master-question of Irish politics? Does the hierarchy really and sincerely favor an autonomy which, sooner or later, would infallibly loosen and then destroy ecclesiastical control of popular education? Confronted with the choice between sacrificing its hold over the schools and sacrificing Home Rule, which would it choose? Is the Church in its secret heart Nationalist first and Catholic afterwards, or Catholic first and Nationalist afterwards? Finding in England and the English connection, and the political bargains to which that connection gives rise, an effective and durable bulwark against an educated laity already muttering in revolt, is it genuinely anxious to see the barrier torn down? There have been not a few signs of late years that the emancipation of the Irish mind—the most needed of all Irish revolutions—has already begun; and while there is much that cannot be foretold as to the effects of Home Rule, this at least can be predicted with some confidence, that the process of intellectual enfranchisement

would be greatly quickened, that an anti-clerical party would quickly develop in the Irish Parliament, and that Home Rule, so far from spelling Rome Rule, would eventually spell Rome Ruin.

I do not believe it is now possible to rouse England against Home Rule as it was roused twenty-five years ago. The old emotions have weakened almost to vanishing point. There is to-day a frank recognition of the evils which English misgovernment has inflicted upon Ireland. There is an honest desire to make reparation. There is an effort, almost pathetic in its futility, to understand the Irish character. The old bitterness and rancor have almost wholly disappeared, and England grows less and less willing to take its cue on matters of Irish policy from the Ulster extremists. The foolish taunt that the Irish are unfit for self-government is no longer heard. The fear of Home Rule producing, or giving free rein to, a *régime* of religious intolerance has been exorcised by the repeated demonstrations that over nineteen-twentieths of Ireland bigotry does not exist, that although practically the whole of local government is in the hands of Catholic Nationalists, nothing in the nature of a policy of religious discrimination or exclusion obtains, and that the Nationalist leaders have repeatedly asserted their willingness to insert in any Home Rule Bill clauses that would amply safeguard the religious rights and convictions of minorities. The loyalism of Ulster, again, no longer makes its old appeal. We know more about it to-day that we did in the 'eighties; its origins and sincerity are not quite so much above suspicion as they used to be; and British simple-mindedness finds it difficult to-day to be moved by protestations of devotion to the Crown and Empire that are accompanied by preparations for passive rebellion. Moreover, the constitutional objection

to Home Rule has inevitably lost something of its influence. We have seen of late the Constitution so buffeted and disrupted that one more blow, one more derangement, seems almost a trivial matter. A new generation, in short, has grown up with a new outlook, and knowing little or nothing of the catch-words and fears that so passionately stirred the country twenty-five years ago. And this generation, being more democratic, is more in sympathy with the struggle of a people to realize itself; and being more Imperial, is more conscious of the loss of Imperial power and vitality and unity that is the result of Irish discontent; and being more sensitive, is more quick to realize and more anxious to remove this black and stupid blot on the British name. The lesson, moreover, of South African pacification has sunk deep into its consciousness; it has seen what a splendid fruit of appeasement and gratitude, even under the most adverse circumstances, may be had from a policy of trusting a nation instead of trying to dragoon it. The bugaboo of separation has been deprived of its terrors; and Englishmen to-day perceive that Ireland could not if she would, and would not if she could, be free of the British connection. The comparative quiescence of Ireland, the absence of crime and outrage, has had, too, its effect; and it will not be easy for Unionists to denounce Home Rule with anything like the old full-hearted ferocity when they are widely believed to have meditated, *consule* Wyndham, some measure of devolution themselves, and when only a year ago one Unionist journal after another was pleading for "an open mind on the reopened question," and considering without dismissing the possibility of a representative convention on the whole problem of Irish government.

None the less, if time has modified most and revolutionized some of the as-

pects of the Irish question, if the success of the Local Government Act and the settlement of the land tenure question and of the University question have removed many impediments that in the 'eighties were formidable, a certain number of the objections that wrecked the Gladstonian schemes of Home Rule have still to be met and solved. The financial difficulty, indeed, is probably even more intricate and hazardous to-day than in Gladstone's time; the conditions under which Ireland is to be represented at Westminster have still, if possible, to be determined on a workable and defensible basis; the scheme of an Irish legislature has to be evolved which will avoid—again I will add, if possible—the establishment of another Tammany Hall in Dublin; above all, there is the permanent and perplexing problem of Ulster. One had hoped that time was softening the acuteness of this problem, and that the expropriation of landlordism, the tentative rise of a Labor Party in Belfast, the opportunities for co-operation among Irishmen of all classes, creeds, and interests presented by the workings of the Local Government Act and the Department of Agriculture, the secession of not a few prominent Unionists like Lords Dunraven and Pirrie, and the many signs that young Ulster was sheering off a point or two from the rock-ribbed faith of its fathers, and was anxious to bring Protestantism once more into the main stream of Irish life—one had hoped that all this was wearing down old hatreds and prejudices and paving the way for some such settlement of the question of Irish government as was effected in the case of the far older and more contentious question of Irish land tenure.

That hope has been disappointed; the Ulster problem remains, not perhaps so perilous as in the 'eighties, but still sufficiently engrossing, and in need of all

the dry light that can be thrown upon it. One exaggerates it, of course, in speaking of it as the Ulster problem. It is really the problem of about one-half of Ulster. The Province has nine counties. In three of them the Catholics are in an overwhelming majority; in three others the Protestants; in the remaining three the two creeds are nearly equally balanced. Taking the Province as a whole, the Catholics are in a small minority, while the political representation is almost evenly divided between Nationalists and Unionists. It is probable, indeed, that there are actually more Home Rulers than anti-Home Rulers in Ulster, many thousands of its Protestants being among the most steadfast and vigorous champions of the Nationalist cause. But almost without exception the men who with splendid energy, tenacity, efficiency, and in the face of inconceivable odds have made Belfast a city of inexhaustible industrial marvels, and who find in Ireland their workshop but not their market, are unbending Unionists. One can understand, without necessarily sympathizing with, their attitude, their natural and quite inevitable attitude, towards the five-sixths of Ireland that is Catholic, chimneyless, moribund and dreaming. If Chicago were planted in Lower Quebec, how would it feel and act towards its hinterland? There is little community of interests between itself and the rest of Ireland that Belfast can be brought to feel or acknowledge. Having almost the monopoly of applied intelligence and industrial prosperity, having also Popery on the brain, and its eyes on the counting-house, Belfast simply asks of Catholic Ireland to be let alone. With all their hard-headedness and practicality, the men of the "Black North," true to their Scottish origin, are a singularly emotional people. They still celebrate the Battle of the Boyne and drink to the immortal memory of William III.

as though the first were an event of yesterday, and the second an active figure in present-day politics. They still speak of the Pope as though a new Armada were on the point of sailing. Outside of business, indeed, Belfast, like Wall Street, seems hardly to care to reason at all. Its political creed is really a political cult, a compound of fears, traditions, hatreds, and suspicions, in which facts are metamorphosed out of all semblance to reality. Discussing Irish questions with them is very much like attempting to argue the race question with a Southern planter of the old school; and the very qualities of earnestness, virility, and obstinate fidelity to the few leaders who win their reluctant trust that have made them so formidable, have made them also the dupes of their prejudices and the easy prey of men to whom the rawness of the Orange creed is nothing but a laughable stepping-stone to place and power.

What is it that they really fear? So far as I can ascertain, the Unionist half of Ulster opposes Home Rule, first, because as an industrial community it objects to being governed by a Parliament that must in the main be elected by the agricultural vote and dominated by rural interests; secondly, because as a Protestant community it has some wild fantastic fear of religious persecution at the hands of an Assembly that will be preponderantly Catholic; and thirdly, because, being the last stronghold of the old ascendancy party that once ruled all Ireland with a ruthless hand, it has a doleful foreboding of what might happen if "the masses" were to hold the chief power. Bigotry, an uneasy conscience, and a dread of being discriminated against in such matters as railway rates and technical instruction seem to be the three main influences behind the anti-Nationalism of half of Ulster. You cannot argue with bigots and men of uneasy con-

sciences; and as for the fear of discrimination one may fairly say that Ulster must take her chance. She will be amply and powerfully represented in any Irish Parliament that ever meets on College Green, and in the clash of parties that would soon arise she would probably with a little dexterity be able to hold the balance of power, and she would certainly be able to protect her special interests against oppressive legislation. Ulster will doubtless raise a tremendous fuss and indulge in a lot of tall talk as the prospect of Home Rule grows nearer, but I do not think that Sir Edward Carson will find it necessary to march from Belfast to Cork, or that his conversion to the Sinn Féin policy of boycotting or going out on strike against the ordinary agencies of government will lead to anything much more serious than the normal Belfast street row; and in any case, so far as I am able to diagnose the present temper of the British people on this question, they would not admit that one-half of a single province in Ireland had the right to stand in the way of whatever solution might commend itself to the Imperial Parliament.

I have never pretended to regard Home Rule as a panacea. In my view there is no one cure, just as there is no one cause, of Irish ills; and to talk as though the Irish question were all politics, as though the Constitutional issue were the whole of it instead of being a part of it, or as though Home Rule would effect some immediate and miraculous transformation in the character or the material fortunes of the Irish people seems to me altogether misguided. For the contentment and well-being of the country, it is, for instance, at this moment far more important that the policy of land purchase, now miserably at a standstill, should be resumed and pushed forward to completion than that a Home Rule Bill should be placed

on the Statute Book. Yet there are many and powerful arguments in favor of the grant of self-government to Ireland. It will undoubtedly relieve the Imperial Parliament of a mass of business it has neither the leisure nor the knowledge to deal with adequately. By fulfilling the national aspirations of the people and giving them an interest in their native land that they have never yet had, it may do something to stop the hideous drain of emigration, and so prove an impetus to a greater prosperity; and in the long run it may not only unite all Irishmen to one another, but may also unite Ireland to England by ties of mutual helpfulness and sympathy far more enduring than the unnatural, the irritating, the deeply detested link that now joins them. But, to my mind, the conclusive argument for Home Rule is that without it there seems no chance whatever of the Irish character becoming strong and responsible. The fruits of British misgovernment in Ireland can rarely be presented in a tabulated and statistical form; they are to be looked for rather in the very soul of the people. It is a small thing, for example, that we crushed out of existence by repressive legislation a whole succession of Irish industries. It is a big thing that we killed, or at least fatally impaired, the industrial instinct and the character, the aptitudes, and the kind of self-discipline and self-confidence that are essential to industrial progress; and that over two-thirds of Ireland it is not too much to say that the problem of creating new industries or reviving old ones is a moral, even more than it is a technical or an economic, problem.

The Irish, again, have a rather charming way of never admitting that they are to blame for anything. They are the most stubbornly self-exculpating of peoples. For whatever is amiss in their social or political or economic

conditions, the fault is always England's, never their own; and being England's can be remedied by legislation. This way of looking at things, this habit of relying upon external agencies instead of upon their own exertions, and of throwing upon anybody but themselves the responsibility for their moral or material shortcomings is one of the most poisonous and paralyzing consequences of harsh and stupid government. The weaknesses of the Irish character on its public and economic side are, indeed, visible enough. In all politics one has to allow for a certain difference between private and public utterances, but in no politics is the difference so profound as in Irish. For bodies to pass resolutions to which all present are secretly opposed; for Irish politicians to deride in conversation and in private letters pretty nearly everything they are engaged in upholding in Parliament and on the platform—these are the everyday phenomena of Irish affairs. Make-believe, dissimulation, a conscious insincerity, and the miasma of moral cowardice permeate the entire country. If half a dozen leading Nationalist M.P.'s were to say on a public platform one-half the things they mutter in private about the devitalizing tyranny of the Church over the social life and mental development of the people, it would do infinitely more for the essentials of Irish welfare than the most perfect of Home Rule Bills. There is perhaps no land in which there is more volubility of speech and less real liberty of thought, and as a consequence less democracy, than in Ireland, no land in which the man

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counts for so little, and the "organization," whether clerical, political, or agrarian, for so much. Almost every department of Irish life seems to be on a committee basis, with individual action and individual opinion marshalled in subservience to this "movement" or that, and with little or nothing done or attempted without reference to the desires and interests of some faction or group. Coercion in some form or other is the rule of Irish existence, opinion is the bellowing of the loudest claque, and a genius for combination, cultivated with more than Sicilian skill, takes the place of moral backbone. Home Rule by itself cannot supply what is missing or toughen the Irish fibre all at once. But it can at least—and, so far as I can see, nothing else can—furnish the fusing and essential element out of which strength may be slowly formed, an element which, with things as they are, is not merely wanting, but is all but unattainable. It can at least bring the Irish face to face with themselves, strip them of their last excuse, and place them under the compulsion of self-respect and national accountability to war on the truculent vanities, the terrorism and chicanery, the hectic pretences, and malingering "patriotism" that at present disfigure Irish life and politics. Nothing is of much importance to a man or a people in comparison with character, and in the building up of character no factor is more vital than responsibility. A sense of responsibility for their own destiny and development is precisely what the Irish have never had, and only Home Rule can give it them.

Sydney Brooks.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SEVENTY YEARS.

Those of us whose memories extend back to the reign of King William the Fourth have this advantage at least

over a younger generation, that we have a more lively appreciation of modern conveniences than our juniors. To

have lived through the Victorian age, witnessing, one by one, its enormous changes, is to have laid up a store of recollections which have never been equalled in previous generations.

Of all the numberless inventions of the last seventy years, I am inclined to set first as boons to the multitude motors and bicycles. Ten years ago nobody would have ventured to predict for motor traffic the extraordinarily rapid development we have seen. The motor-bus, van, and cab threaten to oust their horse-drawn rivals altogether, and, in a sense, to annihilate distance. Travel has been so simplified by the new method of locomotion that the results must be more far-reaching than we can see in these days of its infancy. Already the public motor is a serious competitor of the railways that bring workers in tens of thousands to their daily toll in and about great cities; and he were a rash prophet who attempted to foretell the changes that road-travel will undergo in the near future.

Yet the motor had its forerunner—invented before its time had come—in the old steam-carriage which for a short time plied upon English highways. This conveyance was short-lived, its existence overlapping the coach on one side and the railway on the other. It was a combination of engine and carriage, and conveyed passengers and luggage.

I never travelled in the old steam-carriage—it was going out of use in my childhood—but my old friend Mr. Tegetmeier, the veteran naturalist, now in his ninety-fourth year, has told me that he did so; the longest journey he made was one of forty miles. These vehicles were neither fast nor comfortable; they were noisy, dirty, and jolting; offering no particular advantage over the well-horsed and well-appointed coach, they gained little popularity, being regarded in much the same spirit

as the dust-raising motor was regarded ten years ago.

As regards the bicycle, the service this invention has been to all classes is incalculable. The first "velocipede" proper, as the machine was called, attracted a great deal of notice when it was shown at the Great Exhibition of 1851 in Hyde Park. It was a four-wheeled contrivance to carry two persons, and, I remember being told, could be driven sixty or seventy miles a day.

The principal maker of velocipedes was a Dover mechanic, and they were sometimes to be seen on the country roads. The two-wheeled velocipede did not come into vogue until nearly twenty years later; men of middle age remember the old "bone-shaker," and the crowd attracted by the enterprising rider. The future that lay before the velocipede was quite unsuspected; and, indeed, the bicycle was to pass through many transformations before it arrived at the high-g geared, rubber-tired machine of our own day.

It crosses my mind that had England been the possessor of better roads in the days of the Regency, the bicycle might have been evolved from the old "dandy-horse" known to us through contemporary prints. This was a bicycle of the "bone-shaker" type in practically every respect, with the important exception of the pedals. The rider sat astride his "dandy-horse" and, resting his weight on the saddle, drove it along with his feet on the ground.

Returning to the ancestor of the modern bicycle, many people must remember "The Velocipede Derby," as it was called, held at the Crystal Palace in the spring of 1869. The affair was sadly marred by wet weather, but it served to show that the bicycle had then established its hold on popular favor in England. The races at the Crystal Palace were arranged to demand skill in the rider rather than speed; the course was winding, and

competitors had to make a sharp turn round a post to return along the course to the winning-post. A French cyclist, Mons. Blot, was the winner; and, disliking as I do the sight of young men bending double over their handles, I like to recall the fact that Mons. Blot's upright seat on his machine was the subject of general and favorable remark. Many English riders still adopt the doubled-up attitude; these might profit by the example of lady cyclists, who invariably preserve an upright posture.

One cannot touch upon the subject of road travel without recalling the days of dog-draught. The use of dogs for draught-work was prohibited, so far as London was concerned, in 1839; but it remained legal in the country for another fifteen years, and I well remember the number of dog carriages and carts that plied on the Essex high-roads and lanes. They were as common in England then as they are in Belgium to-day, perhaps more common.

All sorts and conditions of men used dog carriages; the small farmer to carry his milk or vegetables to market, the tradesman to distribute his goods, the pedlar to hawk his manifold wares about the country, the carrier of parcels and the poorer people who had to cover considerable distances and could not afford to keep ponies—for sixty years ago we had not begun to import thousands of cheap ponies from Russia and elsewhere.

The dog was the poor man's pony and his most valuable ally in his business, cheaper and faster than the ass which, to some extent, replaced him.

Most of the dogs were sturdy mongrels, as big as a foxhound but stronger and more heavily built; you might see carts, drawn by two, three, or more of them, but a pair, as I remember, was the most usual team. With a well-balanced load on two wheels, the proprie-

tor's weight often regulating the poise, a pair of dogs got over the ground at a wonderful pace, racing down the hills at a speed impossible to horses.

Dog-draught was abolished in deference to agitation raised by people who knew very little about the subject. No doubt there were cruel dog-owners, but these were the exception; public opinion in the country was on the side of the dog-users, for it was unusual to see the dogs other than kindly treated and well cared for. They were seldom overworked; in his own interest, the owner saw to it that they were well fed, and up to the work required of them. The battle for the retention of dog-draught was hard fought.

The coaching interest, still powerful in the 'forties and 'fifties, was dead against the dog carriage, and fomented agitation among the ignorant; there was no love lost between the coaching fraternity and the owner of the dog team. The dog-owner deprived the coach of a goodly share of the revenue to be earned in the parcel traffic; plying, as the dog carriage did, along by-ways off the coach routes, it was largely patronized by those who liked to have parcels delivered at their own doors instead of sending to obtain them at the inn or office where they were left by the coach.

If the coach-owner had reason to look askance at the dog carriage, the driver of the dog team gave the coachman further reason for dislike. The highways were narrow; many old coach-roads were made only wide enough for one vehicle, with occasional sidings scooped out of the bank to allow of passing another (these are still to be seen in many parts), and the dog-driver could, and often did, revenge himself by "holding up" the coach which might come behind him. Nothing angered the coachman, bound by a time-bill, so much as wanton obstruc-

tion of this kind, and the feud between driver of horses and driver of dogs ran high.

Had it not been for the agitation fomented and encouraged by the coaching people the dog carriage would have been with us longer—I dare not say “until to-day,” having regard to the sickly sentimentality which seems to be the ruling spirit.

One of my earliest recollections of great changes is the opening of the Great Eastern, then called the Eastern Counties, Railway, in the summer of 1839, and the detestation with which it was regarded. How well I, then a schoolboy at Chelmsford, remember the long lines of trucks discharging their loads of earth to form the railway embankment! As the construction of the line progressed, the hostility of all classes increased. The then Lord Braybrooke, through whose park it was to be carried, would not have it on the surface on any terms; and the company, perforce, made a tunnel where they might have run on the surface without even a cutting. The line as first constructed stopped at Spellbrook, between Sawbridgeworth and Bishop Stortford; there is no station there now, nor has there been for many years.

The original plan had been to carry the main line past Saffron Walden, but local opposition was so strong that the route was altered, and that town and its neighborhood were left many miles to the east; Walden is fed by a short branch-line now. Waldenites must regret the attitude adopted by their fathers, but it was that of the vast majority when the first railways were being made.

When the line was brought on to Bishop Stortford the trains were boycotted; people would not travel by them, continuing their allegiance to the coach, which held its own stoutly notwithstanding the blow it sustained by

the transfer of mail contracts to the railway company.

I do not think the antipathy of the eastern counties to the railway was overcome until the Great Northern line to Cambridge was opened a good many years later; and then the train owed the patronage it received to the cut-throat competition upon which the rival companies embarked. Many a time did I buy for half-a-crown a return ticket between Bishop Stortford and London when, in their eagerness for custom, the companies reduced fares almost to vanishing point.

It must be allowed that the accommodation, particularly third class, was of the rudest description. The open, roofless passenger-trucks were soon done away with, but the long “cattle-pen” carriages are remembered by travellers much younger than myself. The luggage was piled on the railed roof, after the fashion of the slow road-coach, and might be covered over or might not; one needed a stout trunk to withstand the usage of the railway in its early days.

The trains were slow, the permanent way indifferently laid, and the lighting of carriages, when that improvement was made, wretchedly bad; altogether, the traveller of the ‘forties and ‘fifties had some reason for preferring the coach with ills he knew to the railway with ills he knew not.

From the railway to the telegraph is a short step. The first telegraph-line for public use was that set up along the Great Western Railway from Paddington in 1838 or 1839. The telegraph was not very generally patronized in its early days, and with good reason; the business was in the hands of private companies, and there was much delay in the despatch of messages, while the frequency of error was the cause of complaint.

The number of places from or to which a message could be sent in-

creased very slowly; in 1865, when there were over 10,000 post offices in the country, all the telegraph offices of all the companies numbered only about one thousand. Rates for messages varied. One company sent fifty words for a shilling a distance of 100 miles; but I think it was the same company that charged five shillings for twenty words if the distance was over 100 miles. Charges were regulated by mileage; a shilling for twenty words sent 100 miles, two shillings for 200 miles, and so on. A telegram to Ireland cost from three shillings upwards. Over and above the actual cost of the message, too, were sundry charges which amounted to nearly as much as the original cost. The telegraph-wire was not freely used, even by business firms, in the 'sixties; it was, as I have said, unreliable both as regarded expedition and accuracy.

Writing of the telegraph recalls the notorious murder in 1845, for the wire in that case played the same part as wireless telegraphy in the arrest of the murderer Crippen last year. John Tawell, the "Salt Hill murderer," administered prussic acid in a glass of porter to a woman named Sarah Hart in her cottage at Salt Hill, near Slough. The groans of the poisoned woman in her agony attracted attention, and neighbors going to her assistance saw Tawell leaving the cottage. Suspicion being aroused, a telegram (or "message by electric telegraph," as it would then have been called) was sent to London; and Tawell, when he reached Paddington, was met by a policeman. The use made of the telegraph-wire in effecting the man's arrest naturally drew public attention to the then new convenience and caused a great sensation.

The trial of Tawell may be remembered for the endeavor made by his counsel, Mr. F. Kelly, to prove that the prussic acid found in the victim's stomach was derived from the pips of ap-

ples, a line of defence which procured for him the nickname "Apple-pip Kelly." It was said that Mr. Kelly wept while pleading his client's cause.

The successful laying of the telegraph-wire between Dover and Calais was a great event, but the excitement over the business was as nothing to that aroused when it was known that the third attempt to lay a cable between Valentia and Newfoundland had succeeded. People talked of little else, and the papers were full of the new wonder. How short-lived was the Valentia cable is a matter of history, and when it ceased to carry messages, only a month after Queen Victoria and President Buchanan had exchanged congratulations by telegraph, men who condemned the work as beyond human power were of course not wanting.

The last and permanently successful attempt to lay an Atlantic cable caused little sensation, as was natural enough; the enterprise had failed so often that when the new cable was laid in 1866 most people thought that its failure was only a question of time.

Turning to another subject, closely allied to traffic, what a change has come over the streets of London since I first knew them in the later 'forties! The City streets, or most of them, were paved with stone setts, and the West-End thoroughfares were macadam. I don't know that the paved streets were much better than others. It must have been in the early 'sixties that, when I wished to bring a very small Shetland pony home to Essex, I was afraid to take him along Cheapside lest he should break his legs in the numerous holes among the stones. The difficulty was overcome by taking him through the City in a cab.

Experiments had been made with wood-paving in some of the streets in the early years of Queen Victoria's reign, but it did not answer; the wrong wood was used, and, as the art of lay-

ing it had not been mastered, the streets so paved soon were in a much worse condition than macadam. The results in no way repaid the expense, and wood was abandoned, to be tried again and successfully in the 'seventies.

So commonplace a proceeding as the lighting of a cigarette invites mention of one enormous convenience which was practically unknown in my childhood. Friction matches had been invented, but were little used. Nearly everybody used the tinder-box, with its flint and steel, troublesome as the thing was by comparison with the reliable match of a later day, undependable in wet weather, however carefully kept from damp, at the best of times it was a tedious business to get a light.

The flint-lock gun long survived the tinder-box, and the production of flints provided work for many hands; flint-making was a large industry in Norfolk, whence the best came, and flints for export are still produced there. I well remember seeing flint-lock guns in the hands of sportsmen long after percussion caps had been invented; percussion guns did not gain much acceptance until Eleys produced their damp-proof caps, and even then there were many who continued to shoot with their old flint-locks. The change took place more gradually than that from the muzzle-loader to the breech-loader.

Almost every action of modern life suggests a change; the act of writing these words, for example, recalls the fact that, though quill pens are still in use, I remember the time when one seldom saw any other kind. Steel pens in their early days were expensive and ill-made, and few people used them. The paper we had seventy years ago may have been partly to blame: it had neither the substance nor the surface we take as a matter of course nowadays; high postage rates operated

against such a luxury as thick letter-paper.

It is interesting to recall the whole history of photography as one may do who has lived through the Victorian era. The daguerreotype was only invented after Queen Victoria's accession, and for a time it held much the same place as a miniature. One need not be very old to remember the early days of photography; the stained hands which were the "trade mark" of the photographer in the days of wet plates; the travelling operator with his little black tent who went about the country taking portraits and pictures of their houses for his patrons.

There was one curious use of the photograph which prevailed for a time and seems to have been forgotten; I mean, the fashion—introduced, I believe from Paris—of printing the owner's photograph on his or her visiting-cards. This craze—which had a certain convenience, perhaps—came in some time after the Crimean War, but it did not last very long, nor was it very generally followed.

I remember when envelopes came into use, and what a boon they were considered after the old system of closing letters with wafer or sealing-wax. Before envelopes were invented, letters were always written with an eye to the position of the wafer or seal, a blank space being left to correspond with the place where this would be put on the outside, lest the written portion should be torn in opening. The introduction of another convenience occurs to me—namely, perforated sheets of postage-stamps; before this innovation we had to cut our stamps with scissors.

Apropos of letters and postage-stamps, the first pillar-boxes I saw in the streets after my return from the Crimea were still regarded with interest and curiosity in London.

Some changes which have taken place during my recollection crept in

quietly and gradually, but none the less add enormously to the comfort of life. It is difficult now to imagine a decent house without its bathroom; but it is not so very long since the fixed bath with its hot and cold water supply was a novelty, a thing visitors were invited upstairs to examine and envy.

The occasional outbursts against vaccination are unaccountable to one who remembers the old days. When I was a lad the number of people whose faces were pitted with smallpox was legion; "Blind from smallpox" was on the card worn by most of the unfortunate street-beggars who had lost their sight.

The anxiety of parents to have their daughters married at an age which would now be considered almost scandalously immature was one by-result of the frequency and severity of smallpox; if a girl's face were marred, her prospects of matrimony were of course impaired, and the ambition of mothers—so common was smallpox—was to see their daughters safely married before they caught the disease.

Among sensational discoveries, I suppose few were more discussed than chloroform when the doctors made known its properties. When a medical student, my friend Mr. Tegetmeier, of whom I have made mention on an earlier page, saw and assisted at many amputations and other operations without chloroform; his anecdotes of sights seen in the hospitals would hardly bear repetition.

As regards the general public, discovery of the method of keeping meat fresh in a low temperature deserves a high place among inventions. This discovery was a timely one, following, as it did, the terrible losses of cattle from plague, which had forced up the price of meat, milk, and butter.

Preserved—not frozen—meat arrived from Australia at that time, but ingenious minds were at work upon the freezing problem, which, it was confi-

dently believed, could be solved. The first cargo of frozen meat from Australia proved a total failure, and for a few years nothing more was heard of the great scheme which was to provide everybody with cheap fresh mutton and beef; but the inventors were busy making experiments, and in 1877 the influx of frozen meat began.

The electric light, as an application of science to domestic use which we are accustomed to regard as quite modern, is one of the discoveries which were made before the time was ripe. Professor Tyndall used an electric light to illustrate a lecture at the Royal Institution in the 'fifties. The abortive experiments made in lighting the Houses of Parliament, Billingsgate Market, and the Thames Embankment with electricity are within the memory of a much younger generation, as is the telephone, which, by the way, was also invented before the world was ready for it. A "speaking telegraph" was made as long ago as 1848 or thereabouts, but the device was laid aside for thirty years, until Professor Graham Bell perfected his invention.

Posterity "scores" over the older generation. Our descendants may, a century hence, hear the words of great orators and singers preserved by the phonograph. What would not we give to hear from a gramophone one of the great speeches of Gladstone or Bright, to look no farther back! The phonograph for practical business purposes is still at its beginning; but so useful an invention cannot fail to have a great future before it.

I doubt much whether anyone would venture to predict a great future for the aeroplane, except perhaps as an instrument of war with which men may properly accept risks otherwise scarcely allowable. It has always appeared to me that the future of the dirigible balloon is by far more certain than that of a machine whose ability to remain in

flight depends upon so many factors, both within and beyond human control. But after the experiences of my lifetime I hesitate to suggest that those who come after us will not gain the knowledge of air currents and the other, now obscure, conditions which should eliminate one set of risks.

Professor Wallace, a few years ago, wrote a book called *The Wonderful Century*, and never was book-title better
The Nineteenth Century and After.

chosen. Those of us who saw the last coaches and have lived to see the motor-car, the dirigible balloon and the aeroplane, who saw the earliest public telegraph-wire and have lived to the day of wireless telegraphy, may find some satisfaction in the thought that we have seen an era such as no previous generation saw, and such as can hardly be rivalled by eras to come.

Walter Gilbey.

THE LANTERN BEARERS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK, AUTHOR OF "THE SEVERINS," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

Never until now had Clive Ashley realized what his financial dependence on his father really meant. He had not a penny of his own, and if he followed his father's wishes and read for the Bar it would be years before he made money; years, therefore, before he could marry without his father's help and approval. He saw clearly enough how his future should have shaped itself. He was now twenty-three, and if he married ten years hence his father would think it soon enough. In case he had a mind to settle down early in life there was Marcella Stair and her fifty thousand pounds. Without fatuity, the young man could not help understanding that. The girl was so sure of herself, of her beauty as well as of her social and financial value that she hardly made a secret of her intentions. She threw him her handkerchief.

But he did not want to marry her and he did want to marry Helga. Also, Helga wanted to marry him. They loved one another. Clive never doubted that for a moment, and this annoying news about the little German only made him more impatient than ever to see her again and hear her assurances that there was nothing in it. Clive knew that he would gain nothing

at present by going to his father with his love story. The whole weight of the wise world is against a young man of twenty-three who has no means of his own and not even a settled profession. All his own theories of life were against his actual state of mind, which was occupied with Helga and set on a speedy union with her. Love had taken him against his principles, in a sense against his will. It had overwhelmed them both, to their mutual trouble and delight; and now the paramount thought in his mind was of his responsibility to Helga. Since he had spoken he must act so that she did not suffer through him. But how was he to act, if you please? For the girl's sake he blamed himself. The only way to her was by way of personal and financial independence and he had not yet taken one step towards it. At least so he told himself: but it was not true. Every hour of his life had helped to make him the man he was: one whom other men liked and trusted. That he was still financially as helpless as most women came of his position and education. If he had been an artisan or a tradesman he would have been earning a livelihood years ago. Now he wanted to work for the girl he loved as many another man had done before him. There was no hardship

in that. The hardship lay in the stupid feud that separated them.

He considered the plan of taking Mrs. Warwick into their confidence, and for her sake rejected it. Since she was a friend to both sides it would place her in a difficult position. Helga and he must manage their own affairs as well as they could. But he must see Helga soon; and he must come to an understanding with his father. On the day the Hilles had called he went down to dinner with that purpose clear in his mind, and he made his opportunity as they sat together at dessert after Mrs. Ashley and Violet had left them.

"I've been thinking things over, father," he began.

"What sort of things?" said Mr. Ashley.

Without admitting or expressing it he knew that his son was on a different plane from himself both morally and socially. It is what happens when an astute, somewhat unscrupulous self-made man marries a woman like Mrs. Ashley, is too busy to see much of his children, and gives them every chance that money can buy. They grow up strangers to him and he is lucky if the saving leaven of affection keeps their intercourse with him happy and alive. Mr. Ashley was proud of Clive and fond of him; but he felt that Violet was more akin to him. He did not know yet what his son would do in the world; but he saw that Violet was cleverly and calmly netting Jack Arden who would be Lord Purslane and inherit Gromwell Park and the Allover money.

"About my going to the Bar," said Clive, "I've made up my mind that I would rather not. I want to go into business."

"Two years ago you agreed with me and said you would go to the Bar," Mr. Ashley reminded him.

"I didn't know what I wanted two years ago," said Clive.

"Are you sure that you know now?" said his father.

"Yes, I am. I've made up my mind. Here's your business growing bigger and bigger—and here am I. It isn't as if I wanted to do anything else."

"I'd rather you went to the Bar. Of course you won't earn your living there for years to come. I shall have to maintain you—but I'm prepared to do that. I can afford it."

"I'd rather maintain myself," said Clive.

"You can't jump into business either," grumbled Mr. Ashley. "You've got to have a training. The stuff you've been wasting your time over won't do you an ounce of good in an office. Latin verses now—what use do you suppose they'll be to you when another man's trying to do you in the eye. That new manager of mine—he's going to get on."

"Brought up in the streets?" suggested Clive.

"Not at all. That's one of our romantic ideas. Most people brought up in the streets end there. This one had a sound business education and an uncommonly sensible father. He used to send his sons shopping, give them a fixed price for what they had to buy and let them keep all they could make by their deals. Never gave them any other pocket money."

"I suppose he'll make by his deals with you when he gets the chance," said Clive.

"He won't get the chance," said Mr. Ashley, "not more than he should. But there's a lot of drudgery in business. I suppose your idea is that it's all signing cheques. There's method to learn, and book-keeping, and your own shop, and dealing with men both above and below—and seizing your chances, and taking risks when it's wise but not when it's foolish—and being on the spot—and as for eyes, you want them at the back of your head if you're to do

any good—and if you're not—better leave well alone and read for the Bar. You can have four hundred a year and live at home—and if you want to get married——”

Clive pricked up his ears.

“Yes!” he replied. “If I want to get married, I should have to say to a girl, ‘I have nothing of my own. My father makes me an allowance. If he approves of you he may continue it—if not——’”

“That’s it,” said Mr. Ashley pouring out another glass of port for himself and pushing the decanter to his son. “In fact you might go further. If you marry a girl with money I’ll see that your income equals hers—within reasonable limits. I don’t want my son to hang up his hat in his wife’s hall.”

“Suppose I marry a girl with no money,” said Clive.

“I don’t see how you can, as long as you’ve none of your own. I hope you don’t want to play the fool in that way.”

“My mother had no money?”

“That’s another story, my boy. I married when I was thirty-five, and after I’d worked like a nigger for twenty years. I’d earned the right to please myself.”

“Just so,” said Clive. “It’s what a man should do.”

“It takes time. You don’t think, I hope, that I’m going to take you into partnership next week. You’ve got to go through the mill and prove you’re worth something.”

“How shall I begin?” asked Clive.

“In Manchester, in one of the big firms there, learning to handle the goods we export. Lord! Much help your Greek and Latin will be when you want to sample longcloths; and you won’t like it. I tell you straight, my boy, you won’t like it.”

“And after Manchester?” said Clive.

“Lyons, or Paris—probably Lyons—in silks, and I don’t suppose you can

talk a word of French, though you’ve never cost less than three hundred a year since you were twelve. Rotten system ours is, when you come to think of it.”

“I read French,” said Clive.

“I’ve no doubt you do. Racine and Moliere. A German waiter’s French would be more use to you. However, I don’t say you won’t get on. It may be in you. And if a man is born sensible and hardworking I don’t suppose Winchester and Oxford can take all the sense and the work out of him.”

“It would not be their aim,” said Clive.

“All the same,” Mr. Ashley went on, “if I’d known you meant to go into business I should never have sent you to College. You’ve wasted four years.”

“I hope not,” said Clive, who had taken second-class honors in Greats.

“If you’d said what you say now when you left school you’d be well up the ladder by this time. It’s a sudden change.”

“I hope you’re not disappointed, father?”

“I’ll tell you that two years hence. If you’re the right stuff I shall be glad you’ve done it. If you’re not there’ll be another change, I suppose, and I distrust changes. It’s your mother who won’t like this one. She hates my shop.”

“What is your shop?” asked Clive.

“I know next to nothing about it.”

“I’ve more irons than one in the fire,” said Mr. Ashley. “I began with the export business. That goes on in a steady, jog-trot way. Then there’s the Dog Soap. That’s booming at last. But the big thing is Æonion—the wood that fire will not burn and weather will not rot and white ants cannot destroy. There is money in that, my boy; oh, money, more than we shall know what to do with. We shall have to build Free Libraries before we’ve done.”

"Æonion is the thing that ruined Mr. Byrne, isn't it?"

"It ruined several people before I took it in hand," said Mr. Ashley. "The timber trade was against it—short-sighted fools—thought it wouldn't be good for them. It wanted me to bring it before the public. That's the history of nearly all these things. They soak up money as a sponge does water till the right man takes them up."

"How did you get hold of it?" asked Clive.

"Oh! I took it over, when it was in a bad way. Byrne still owes me money, as a matter of fact. He'd made an awful mess of things—one of your brainy fools, you know. Hope you won't turn out that kind, Clive."

"I don't want to turn out any kind of fool," said Clive.

"The brainy ones are the worst; never know they are fools. Get done all round. If you're that sort, avoid business as you would the devil. And speculation. Put your money in Consols, and go for something safe—something where fooling pays—the drama or politics for choice."

"I'll go to Manchester first," said Clive; and then the two men got up and went into the garden.

"But I wonder why Clive has changed his mind," Mrs. Ashley said that evening. "Why is he suddenly so anxious to earn his living? There is no need for it."

"So I told him; but he seems bent on it, and if he does well I should be glad of him. I don't get younger, and my affairs get bigger every week. There comes a point in a business when it won't stand still; you must kill it or you must let it grow."

"Like a plant," said Mrs. Ashley.

Clive had no doubts and no backslidings. He had taken the only step open to him towards the independence he desired and when he went out on Sunday afternoon the sunshine and the

purple flush of the heather on the common reflected his mood better than any words could have done. For to know your work in the world and without any preliminary struggle to see an open way towards it is better luck than most of us have at Clive's age. He struck straight across the heather till he came to Mrs. Warwick's house and garden. He thought he would call there and ask when she was coming. The maid who answered the door said that she had arrived on Friday and that she was now in the garden with Miss Byrne.

Clive had not dared to expect such a happy chance as this. He knew Helga was to spend a week end with Mrs. Warwick, but when he saw her at Oxshott the date had not been fixed. He followed the maid into the garden, and found the two ladies sitting together under the shade of a great cedar tree. Helga wore a shell-pink skirt, and looked as fresh as if she had just sailed into this world on a wave of the sea. When she saw Clive her color deepened and her eyes had the light in them that he alone could call there. At first she hardly spoke, and it fell to Mrs. Warwick to entertain him. Presently something was said that gave Clive a chance of asking to see the garden, and, as he hoped, the older woman confessed that she was tired, and let the young one play guide to him. He knew every corner of it, and Helga did not, so they were soon in a secluded copse that was not garden at all. But you could sit on dry, short grass there, and pretend to eat the ripening bilberries, while you really looked at each other and felt so happy that all the troubles and difficulties ahead were forgotten for the time.

"What will life be when we are always together?" murmured he.

"We never shall be," murmured she. "No one ever has such happiness as that, on earth."

"But lovers marry."

"Lovers, yes; but we—there are degrees and kinds. It is not given to every one——"

"As it is to us, you mean, darling; and when I came this afternoon I thought you did not care, because you hardly spoke."

"Oh, Clive! how can one speak when one cares so terribly that everything melts into a mist? It is easier to be silent."

"Perhaps it was hearing about the little German; not that I think for a moment——"

"What little German?"

"Herr Hille. His cousins came to see us yesterday, and began talking about him. He's been writing to Hamburg about you."

Helga's eyes as they met Clive's, and her smile as she leaned towards him, put the little German out of court.

"All yesterday I listened and waited for you," she said. "I knew you were near. Mrs. Warwick showed me the walls of your garden as we drove by, such high brick walls."

"I didn't know you were here yesterday. You should have written. You can always write to me, though you won't let me write to you. We must hear from each other and sometimes see each other."

"Why must we? Why do we both care? It is highly inconvenient."

"Inconvenient! It is life itself. What a word to use. What a prosaic word!"

"Dad says all women are prosaic."

"I thought that women were romantic and poetical," said Clive. "In our family——"

He stopped, remembering Violet. The only poetry in her was in her movements, which were graceful. There was none in her well-shaped clear, rather hard, gray eyes.

"In our family," said Helga, "the men build castles that topple down and

the women have to make a home amongst the ruins. It's dusty work and tiring. I don't think it's poetical."

"I'm not going to topple down," said Clive. "I'm going to build a home for you, a home that won't be dusty or tiring. It will be full of the things you like, and no one will be in it but you and me, at first."

"How long will the building take?" said Helga.

That brought Clive to earth. He had been in the clouds, dreaming of the day when he should lead Helga across the threshold of his castle in the air. He told her of his new plans.

"I don't like the idea of Manchester and Lyons," he admitted.

"A year soon passes," said Helga.

"It will seem a century to me, and it may have to be longer than a year. Helga, you didn't answer me about Herr Hille. Why has he written to Hamburg about you?"

"How can I answer you? I didn't know he had written. What has he said?"

"Something to put his parents in a fluster."

"Why should they be in a fluster?" said Helga, drawing herself up.

"I don't know. His relations here—the ones you met the other day—came over yesterday on purpose to ferret out something about you and your people."

"Did they succeed?"

"My mother told Mrs. Hille that your mother was the cleverest, the most charming woman she had ever known. I wish I knew your mother, Helga. I am sure you are just like her."

"I am the image of my father," contradicted Helga. "Every one says so. You saw my mother at Hampton Court. She is tall and fair."

"But you may be like her inwardly."

"I am not. I build a castle that will topple down, and break me, as Dad has done."

"It shan't break you, it shall shelter

you, all your life," said the young man, keeping her hand tight in his. "But I wish the little German was not in your house," he said soon, speaking in a lighter tone. "When I think of his opportunities——"

"He is far too well brought up to make the least use of them," said Helga. "Besides——"

"You would not let him, you mean; but——"

"There is no 'but,'" said Helga, getting up, for she thought it was time for them to return to Mrs. Warwick.

"How long are you going to stay here?" Clive asked, as he unwillingly followed her.

"I go back to-morrow with Mrs. Warwick."

Clive gave a little groan of disappointment, and Helga heartlessly looked back and laughed at him.

"I don't believe you care a bit," he said in a furious whisper; and then a sudden turn brought them face to face with Mrs. Warwick, who had begun to think the promenade in the garden took the two young people a long time.

"Miss Byrne tells me you go back to-morrow," said Clive before long. "But the garden party at Gromwell Park is on Tuesday."

"I have to be back," said Mrs. Warwick; "I can't stay for the garden party."

"I was hoping that I should meet you and Miss Byrne there."

Mrs. Warwick strolled pensively along the path between two flower borders and considered Clive's words.

"Can't you dine with us to-night?" she said.

Clive accepted the invitation as soberly as he could, and in high spirits went home to dress. He found his mother in the garden, and told her that he would be out that evening.

"Is any one staying with Mrs. Warwick?" she asked.

"Yes," said Clive, "Miss Byrne is there."

He waited a moment, but his mother asked no more questions. As he left her to go into the house she watched him affectionately. She thought the girl he loved would be a lucky woman, and she prayed that Clive would choose one who deserved her luck, not by her possessions but by her qualities. That Clive, who would have so much money some day, should seek more with a wife seemed to her an absurd and sordid idea. She knew he would agree with her.

CHAPTER XIII.

Whether Mrs. Warwick had any inkling of the true state of affairs the lovers did not know. Certainly she smoothed the way for them at a time when one long unbroken evening in each other's company was enough to make them both feel that henceforward neither time nor space could separate them. Whatever the future brought, after this they could never forget. They sat in the moonlit garden together, they walked in its silent paths together; long after Clive should have gone they were still there, learning to know each other, continuing to adore each other, sure above all things that never since the world began had two young people loved so madly and so sadly as they did. For Helga said that they could not hope to be husband and wife, while Clive said that if they had to move mountains they would be moved; and so the argument went on in hope, in despair, with kisses, tears, and laughter. When it had ended it began again. The house was asleep, the veranda door stood open, there was no one to drive Clive away at a decorous hour.

Mrs. Warwick had gone to bed rather early with a headache, but she had first bid Clive good night in the garden and implied that she expected him to go

soon. He had therefore allowed the parlor-maid to help him on with his great coat at ten o'clock. She had seen him out of the house, bolted the front door, asked Helga if she wanted anything more, and, having done her duty, she had gone to bed. But Helga went into the drawing-room to fetch a book, and while she was looking for it some one tapped gently at the window. She lifted the blind a little and there, in the moonlight, stood Clive. He had forgotten a highly important thing he wanted to say. That was two hours ago, and he was still remembering things. It had turned a little chilly and they were sitting in a sheltered corner of the veranda, talking in whispers, conscience stricken, absurdly happy, and huddling near each other like two young birds in a nest.

"Anyhow you admit that we are engaged," said Clive; "you consent to that."

"I don't consent to anything official," said Helga.

"You are engaged—to me. I'm going to give you a ring."

"You know I couldn't wear it."

"I'll give you a chain too. You can wear the ring on it, and you must write to me and I must write to you."

That was what made the discussion so interminable. Helga's scruples would not let her accept a ring from him or promise him letters. She said there was no need for either. If she never saw him again she would love him to the end of her life, and think of him and wish for him.

"You know how it is," she said. "You lie awake and you think of every word and every look and you remember all the little things—the way you fill your pipe, and the feel of your coat—the silliest things—and you wish and wish, till one thinks your spirit must come because it is called and wanted so."

"Then why not?" said Clive.

"Then why?" said Helga. "What are rings and letters to you and me? We need no outward signs of the inward flame. They are for those who know it burns faintly."

"Darling, you are unreasonable."

"Let us have no more meetings, no ring, no letters, till we can have them openly."

"I want something to live on," murmured Clive.

"We've had this evening and the three other times," said Helga. "Think of Dante and Beatrice."

"It wouldn't help me at all," said the young man.

The astonishing and disturbing announcement made by the stable clock that it was midnight parted them, and next day Helga went back to Surbiton. Mrs. Warwick spoke vaguely of another week-end visit but nothing was settled about it. The girl came to think of this one as the turning point that ended the first phase of her youth. Those hours in the garden had changed her as a day's sun will change an opening bud or a ripening fruit. They had left a glow. No doubt she was unreasonable, for all her scruples were concerned with details; about the main question the overwhelming calamity and joy of love she had no scruple at all. How could she when she had no sense of responsibility? It had happened, just as it happens to some people to be shot by a stray bullet. The consequences are as serious and as lasting as if the bullet had been aimed, and the innocence of the hand that pulled the trigger won't save the victim a pang. Besides, though she suffered because she could never belong to Clive, she rejoiced greatly because he wished that she should. The thought of his love, the memory of his kisses, lit a fire that neither silence nor separation could quench. But, so far had the child travelled, she did not speak of him now to her mother or tell

her that they were promised man and wife. What could her mother have done but disapprove and try to hinder? Her duty to her husband bade that. Helga had her duty too now, a separate all-absorbing one of being true to Clive. She could wait in silence and hope for a miracle.

Mrs. Byrne wondered sometimes whether any mischief had been done by the two meetings with Clive of which she knew. She saw a difference in the girl, intangible and yet to her understanding eyes pitifully there. Some of Helga's light-heartedness had gone. She took a little less interest than formerly in the trifles that help to make the everyday happiness of life. She spent more time in her own room and much more time by herself out of doors. She had never taken so many long lonely walks as she did this autumn when she liked to get right away from the noise and traffic of the suburb and think of Clive in the quiet country roads that lead from Surbiton into the heart of Surrey.

As the summer came to an end the evenings in the garden came to an end too; and after dinner, instead of sitting by himself, Conrad took to sitting with the family. It seemed a friendly natural arrangement, but there came a time when Mrs. Byrne wished it had never begun. Mr. Byrne liked Conrad very well but at night he liked silence. The young man's busy tongue and his mania for discussion got on the older man's nerves. Mr. Byrne had been more tired than usual of late and more irritable. His wife began to think that something fresh must have happened in the City to trouble him, and one evening when, after half-heartedly explaining English Patent Laws to Conrad, he had suddenly got up and bid good night a full hour earlier than usual, she followed him upstairs. She found him sitting in an old easy-chair near the window and he sat as a man

does when he is exhausted, his body limp, his head thrown back, his eyes closed.

"Have you a headache, Francis?" she said.

That was her formula. He did have headaches and she never asked him direct questions about his affairs. If he chose to confide in her, well; if not she would comfort him as best she could, with the small tender ministrations that sometimes are the only expression of love and pity possible. She sat down beside him now and put her hand on his with a caressing touch. The love this elderly woman felt for this broken man was so real and pitiful that she ached with it. When she was a girl it had sometimes made her sad to read that love dies with youth because youth goes and many things go with it. But now she was old, and knew that the one divine light of life still burnt clearly. The flame was of a different color doubtless from that consuming her child's heart, since memory, time, and pity all helped to feed it. But it illumined a fate that without it would have been like ashes.

"My head always aches now," said Mr. Byrne, "at the top, you know—in a dull, stupid way."

"A little valerian——" began Mrs. Byrne.

"It has become unbearable," interrupted her husband, and she knew at once that he was not speaking of the headache. "He is in and out of our place nearly every day—he passes through the outer office close by me; we are doing his advertisements for him. He comes to see Mr. Rossiter, but he knows I'm there amongst the other clerks; he stares at me."

"Why does he want advertisements?" said Mrs. Byrne; "you never used to."

"He wants it for the wood, for my wood, don't you know what has happened, Dorothea?"

"I know nothing," said Mrs. Byrne.

"You might have seen a whole page about it in the *Daily Mail* the other day. You might see all London blazing it on posters if you ever went there. The boom is at its height. He has taken immense new offices opposite ours—in those new buildings. From where I sit all day I can see his damned name in huge gilt letters and with it the name of the wood. *Æonion* he calls it, as I called it. He hasn't even invented a name."

"What has become of the man who invented the process?" asked Mrs. Byrne.

"Dead—lucky devil. He invented, and I understood and believed, and here we are."

"But, Francis, all this is nothing new," urged Mrs. Byrne; "you have known for years that the wood was making money."

"I see into his private room now—I see him at his desk—I see men ushered in and out."

"Can't you change your place in the office?"

"I shall see it for ever; I see it wherever I am—in the train—in the middle of the night."

Mrs. Byrne put her hand on his again.

"We have everything but money, you, and Helga, and I," she said.

"But money is so much—health, comfort, civilization. I have to see you work as you should not, and the child is shut out from everything."

"Yet we are happy—and things change. Helga may marry."

That prospect did not seem to afford Mr. Byrne a ray of comfort. He did not much believe in it or even see its significance. Helga, from his point of view, was one of two women dependent on his efforts, rising or sinking with him, deriving all they had from him, missing all they wanted because he had failed. His gloomy spectacles shut out all the cheerful hopes that

sailed across his wife's outlook like small boats on a leaden sea, making it alive. He sighed deeply when she spoke of Helga's marriage, and said that such things did not happen.

Meanwhile, downstairs, Conrad, left alone for once with Helga, tried to improve the shining hour. He talked to her of his home and his family as if it behoved her to hear all he could tell of them; and she listened politely but rather absently, not caring much whether his mother was or was not a model housekeeper; and not even roused by hearing that the man his sister Hermine married was now *Justizrath*, and that the betrothed of his sister Lili had a bass voice of unusual sound and volume, and that his third sister Betti, the clever one, meant to make her *Lehrerin Examen*, although she would never need to earn her living.

"I am sure you would like my sisters," he said.

"I am sure I should," said Helga.

"And my father and mother, too, and our house on the Alster. My mother has her work-table in one of the front windows, and from it she can see right across the water and all the little steamers coming to and fro, and in summer the pleasure boats. It is never dull."

"It must be charming," said Helga.

"But I must tell you of one disadvantage. My great-grandfather built the house soon after the great fire of 1842. There were no lifts then. We occupy the first floor. On the second floor there is my uncle Otto. On the third old Herr Neumann has lived for more than twenty years. He is very old and ill. It would be cruel to turn him out."

"Why should you?"

"Do you not understand? For me, when I marry, there is nothing left but the fourth floor."

Helga considered the situation, her eyes fixed on her hemming.

"What is on the ground floor?" she asked.

"A shop."

"A shop!"

"You don't know Germany. It seems dreadful to you that we should live over a shop."

"Oh, not at all," said Helga, hurriedly. "How can it matter to me? Besides, I remember, it is done in Germany."

"By the best people. There is, of course, a private door and staircase. You would never go through the shop."

"I suppose you wouldn't—unless you wanted to buy something. Is it an interesting shop?"

"Tobacco. But let us return to the question of the fourth floor, if you please. I have sometimes thought it would be a good plan to let it and take a first floor flat in a house of less pretensions. A little way out there are charming houses; they look like villas, but they are let in flats. Even a garden might be possible."

"Are you fond of gardening?" said Helga. She had to say something.

"I like the finished result, if it is perfectly tidy," said Conrad.

With considerable relief Helga saw her mother return to the room. Everything that Conrad had said had been charged with personal meaning; and as he talked he had edged a little closer to her, and he looked like a man on the edge of a plunge from which some trifle still keeps him back.

"Conrad has been telling me about his house in Hamburg," said Helga. "There is no lift in it, and when he sets up house he will have to live on the fourth floor."

"There are greater hardships in life," said Mrs. Byrne, rather stiffly. "My father always lived on the fourth floor. He liked the quiet."

She sat down and took up some knitt-

ing. Outwardly her manner was cool and even a little displeased. Inwardly she was a lady of dreams. For the turn of affairs seemed to lead towards her dearest hopes. A better man than Conrad, only son of Senator Hille, she could not wish for a son-in-law. In fact, his superior fortunes weighed against him, and so did his youth and his position in her house. Mr. Byrne and she were not people to set snares for a well-to-do young man, but his parents would not know that. There would be alarms and excursions probably ending in his recall and possibly in an end to her hopes. A rather older man, with more modest prospects and a present hold on life of his own making would have pleased her better. Mrs. Byrne began to wonder whether Helga's eyes were open to this new chance on her horizon, and to hope that the girl did not reckon on it. For it might fail.

"How did Conrad come to talk to you about his fourth-floor flat?" she asked next day, when Helga was sitting with her in the afternoon.

"He says that he will have to live in it when he marries, unless he lets it and takes another."

"But why does he consult you?"

"I suppose he thought it was an interesting subject," said Helga.

"The only two people it can interest are Conrad and his future wife," said Mrs. Byrne. "He should wait until he can discuss it with the lady who will occupy that position. Next time he begins you had better tell him so."

"Mummy! What ideas you have. He'd propose at once."

"You think so?"

"How could he help it, if I gave him such a lead."

"I should call it a rebuke. A young man has no right to put ideas into a girl's head that he cannot fulfil. His parents will probably not allow him to

marry for some time, and it is almost certain that they would refuse to receive a girl without a penny."

"Then why worry?" said Helga. "Let his parents rebuke him, poor boy!"

"If his father wrote to us and said are you prepared to furnish the flat handsomely and give the young couple enough house linen to last them a lifetime, what should we say?" asked Mrs. Byrne, with a sigh. "Even that is not in our power."

"Such a letter will not be written until there is a young couple," suggested Helga.

"But, my child, one must look forward to what might happen—besides, you are mistaken. These arrangements are preliminary to a betrothal. But it cannot happen. It would be one of those fairy tales that real life does not bring. The Hilles are wealthy, highly respected people, and Tante Malchen hints in the letter I had this morning that when Conrad goes back a match may possibly be arranged between him and your cousin Sophia."

"Good luck to my cousin Sophia," said Helga.

"But, Helga!" said Mrs. Byrne, in a scandalized voice.

"I hope she is more amiable than Tante Malchen."

"I do not know what to make of you," complained her mother. "I should be grieved if you set your heart on Conrad's flat and were never asked to go there; but if ever the day comes when you are asked, I hope you will go."

"I should not like to live out of England," said Helga. It seemed as easy to say that as anything else.

"I suppose you think the sun shines in no other country," said her mother, with a little shiver. The blinds had not been drawn yet, nor the lamp lighted, but the room was dark with the fog and heavy drizzle of the winter afternoon. "A sensible person makes himself happy anywhere, provided he has health and bread and agreeable companions."

"Perhaps I'm not sensible," said Helga; and she gave her mother a little wheedling kiss.

(To be continued.)

CHRISTMAS AT THE CAPITAL OF MENELIK.

In the month of November 1910 I started for Abyssinia, a varied journey by sea, rail, and caravan, through beautiful country, occupying six weeks. December 23rd, I am arrived at Adis-Abeba! and at last in the city of Menelik. I am housed most comfortably in a *tukle*, like one of the round mud huts I saw on my way up, only mine is a superior one, being very lofty and from eighteen to twenty feet in diameter. It is carpeted, and papered with a soft green English wall-paper. The roof is like nothing so much as the inside of a huge Japanese umbrella, with bands of red and black cloth running round it at intervals, to keep the long

lathes in place, and has a very handsome effect. The whole of my friend's house consists of a series of these *tukles* connected with one another by short, mud-built, thatched corridors, and surrounding an oblong garden with a path down the centre and two others, right and left of it, crossing it in the middle, thus giving access to some of the *tukles* from outside. It is possible to go from one to the other all round under cover by means of these corridors, but as the centre path has a roof to it, this is not often necessary. The climate here is superb, cool at night even to slight frost, but hot enough by day to make sun helmets wanted, and

the beautiful blessed sun shining always, except at the stated times of the greater and lesser rains. The thermometer varies but little all the year round. The garden is a wilderness of roses of good French and English sorts, that blossom from year's end to year's end, and grow into high branching bushes. Scarlet geraniums, verbenas, sweet peas, nasturtiums, and all manner of flowers which one only sees at home in summer, here blow perpetually, and never have I beheld such free-flowering pelargoniums out of doors. The altitude does not suit some people; but beyond being short-breathed and unable to go up even a gentle hill without panting and puffing, I suffer no inconvenience. The air is thin and clear and deliciously clean, a quality I am bound to say the Abyssinians do not share. They are, I think, the dirtiest people I have ever met with. For description of their homes and mode of living in them, all bunched together, one has only to read books of travel in the country by any one who has lived amongst them at all, to realize the truth of this. The city of Adis-Abeba enjoys a remarkable immunity from fever of all sorts, cholera, &c.; but this is to be laid to the account of the purity of the air rather than to any hygienic habits of the people. The fever from which I, in common with the doctor and almost all the caravan servants, suffered directly after our arrival, was the ordinary malarial fever contracted in the low country, and I soon shook mine off.

There are, I am told, 1400 Europeans living in the town, but the greater part of them seem to be Greeks, Levantines, and Syrians, after the different European Legations have been counted.

To take the English Legation first, there are besides the British Minister himself, Mrs. Thesiger and her little son, the secretary Mr. Home, the doctor and Oriental secretary, and an es-

cort of Indian Sowars. There are no ladies at present at the French Legation—the wife and daughter of M. Brice, the French Minister, having lately returned to France—nor at the German nor American. The Italian Minister is also *en garçon*, though the doctor to the Italian Legation has his wife and childreh; and the Russian Minister, M. Tchermerzine, has Madame Tchermerzine with him. Major and Mrs. Doughty-Wylie (the English Vice-Consul) were absent during the time I was at Adis-Abeba. The new English Legation and Consulate, the latter a smaller building in the same grounds, and in a line with the Legation house, were just finished, and are solidly built, roomy, and convenient, and beautifully situated on the side of the hill behind the assembly of tukles forming the old Legation, but considerably higher, thus commanding magnificent views of the plain and the mountains surrounding it. I do not think I have ever seen a more beautiful prospect than that from the porch of the new building. The scattered houses of the city, at a distance of about two miles, the two high hills of Entoto, crowned each with its circular church of Raganel and Maryam, the walls of which gleam white in the sunshine, the tukles of the servants dotted here and there, and close by those of a small village, like clusters of mushrooms, and the wonderful blue of the sky, the ever-changing shadows on the mountains, the tall swaying eucalyptus trees planted everywhere by the foresight of the Emperor Menelik, form a picture once seen never to be forgotten. There are proper stone-built quarters attached to the new Legation, for servants, and the Indian escort have another building a little way off beyond the stables. When the handsome furniture sent out by the English Government is arranged in it, carpets spread and curtains hung, and the Minister and his family in-

stalled, it will prove a very comfortable home, though not as picturesque as the nest of tukles, yet far preferable, being without the risk of a sudden conflagration destroying them in an hour, which, should the thatch of one ignite, might easily happen, and besides, being capable of being defended should any trouble in the country arise, and no man can predict what the actual result of the death of the Emperor Menelik may be. That oft-killed ruler is yet alive, and though he rules no longer, still the country is held together by the power and prestige of his great name. When first his powers began to fail, and when no doubt he hoped to recover again, he named his grandson, the son of a daughter, his heir, and appointed another relative Regent, the heir being a young boy. It is a matter of general knowledge that the Empress Taitu, an ambitious and, in her way, a dangerous woman, intrigued to get the reins into her own hands, and equally well known is the *coup d'état* by which her undoing was effected. She is now a prisoner in the Palace, not permitted to leave it, or to receive visitors, and is understood to be in constant attendance on the slowly dying Emperor, who was when in health much attached to her and much under her influence. He is past being influenced now, and all that remains to Taitu is to watch, doubtless in bitterness and wrath, the gradual decay of nature in him. I was told on good authority that he is helpless and unable to move, incapable of speech, and supposed also not to recognize any one,—a melancholy wreck of a great personality.

Whilst I was in Adis-Abeba, the Heir-Apparent and Regent, and the whole Court, announced that they were going out for eight days to the summer house, to keep one of the festivals. It had been the Emperor's custom to do this, but for the last two years I believe

the practice had been given up.

Instantly the wildest rumors were afloat to the effect that Menelik was dead, that his body had been removed by night to this place, and that the Court was going to observe the eight days of mourning there. As if to give color to this, the Legations, Europeans, and populace, were invited to a feast held at the house of Ras Tesamma (Regent), and not at the "Ghibbê" or Palace. But on inquiring for the Emperor's health at this feast, at which I was present, I was told that he was in the same state as usual, if anything a shade better; and a European near me said that for some reason or other having had occasion to go to the Palace, he had himself seen the pathetic figure of the strong man laid low, and the Emperor had almost seemed to recognize him.

Following this we next heard that shortly after the Court had with much pomp removed to the summer palace, and no doubt a noticeable silence reigned in the Ghibbê, the Emperor had looked inquiringly round and uttered the words "Ras Tesamma," "Lidj Yasu," meaning "the Regent and the Heir-Apparent."

As he had not spoken for long before this, a runner was immediately despatched to Ras Tesamma, who returned in hot haste, and was reported to have sat for an hour with the Emperor. This was shortly before I left for Europe again.

The personality of the Empress is almost as strongly marked as that of her august husband. She is reported to have had nine husbands before he espoused her, and she was then neither young nor handsome, though, I was told by those who knew her, by no means so plain as the photographs and lithographs of her give the impression.

The marriage customs of the Abyssinians are lax. There appear to be three kinds of marriages recognized:

two, more or less informal, which can be terminated at the will of the parties; and one, where husband and wife partake of the Sacrament together. This last is indissoluble, and it was by this that Menelik and Taitu were united. There are no children of the union. The Empress's brother, a Ras of some importance in the north of Abyssinia, is now in Adis-Abeba, supposed to be mad, and more or less under surveillance; but incessant intrigues in favor of this person or against that are always on the tapis, and the Council or Cabinet, of which Lidj Yasu is the ostensible, and Ras Tesamma the real head, is paralyzed by the distrust of the members of one another, so that business is impeded, and the general complaint is that nothing is ever put through. If the Ras is willing to give a concession, the Council, divided against itself, will not ratify it. Each is afraid of the other, and none, so far as I could learn, above taking bribes: avarice being a besetting vice of Abyssinians, from which not even the highest appear exempt. However, I do not know enough about politics for my opinion to be of any value, and only repeat what is currently reported.

These feasts are a great feature in the intercourse of the Palace with the people. Every Sunday, I was informed, as a rule there is a Ghibbé feast given to Abyssinians, and about three times during the year only were the foreign Legations and chief Europeans invited. I was lucky enough to come in for two,—that to which I have alluded, given by Ras Tesamma, and one in the Ghibbé itself.

This latter was my first experience. We started at 9 A.M., I on a fine white mule, my host and hostess riding horses. I had been told it was proper to dress as though for an afternoon party at home, so we proceeded at a foot's pace to the Ghibbé. Of course, not being able to wear our solar topees,

we had to carry sun umbrellas, which was tiresome, and I took the precaution to have my topee carried, tied up in a clean cloth, by one of the syces, to come back in, when the sun would be high and hot. As a mark of respect my mule was attended by three Abyssinians, one of whom led the animal, while the other two thoughtfully supported me in the saddle. It took us the best part of an hour to reach the Ghibbé, and I got my feet splashed fording the river in the ravine on the way. I suppose my gown of ceremony would have suffered too, had not my officious attendants held it well up till we were over. The water was clear and bright, and not up to the men's knees. They, of course, were bare-footed and bare-legged. On arrival we were first received in a tent, where we waited with members of the various Legations, and afterwards conducted to an ante-room where sundry officials were assembled, and there waited for half an hour. The Russian, French, German, Italian and American Legations were represented, besides the British. There were only three ladies present, the wives of the British and Russian Ministers, and myself. At 10.30 we were ushered into an immense hall, like a skating-rink or drill-hall, at one end of which was a raised dais, whereon Lidj Yasu sat in state on the second tier of the three-decked throne of the Emperor Menelik, Ras Tesamma on his right hand a little lower, and several other Rases of consequence around. This was shut in all round by white sheets separating it from the hall below, as it is contrary to Abyssinian etiquette for persons of consideration to be looked upon whilst eating. The Europeans all passed before the throne, being shaken hands with by Lidj Yasu, the Regent, and some of the chief Rases, and were then seated at a long table to the left of the throne, specially laid for them; the excellent *chef* from the

French Legation had been lent for the occasion, that we might eat food to which we were accustomed, and a very good *déjeuner* we had, as the menu shows. The closing-in arrangement, by obscuring all light from the hall, rendered it necessary to light large silver candelabra planted on the floor to enable us to see the way to our mouths.

The menu was as follows:—

Œufs durs à la Villeroi.
Cassolette de Betterave.
Vol au Vent Toulouse.
Poulet sauté Colbert.
Pilau Agneau risotto.
Almondigites à la Hongroise.
Noie de Veau gastronome.
Galantines de Volaille à la Gelée.
Salade à la Parisienne.
Asperge à l'huile.

Gateau.

Desserts.

Claret, champagne (very sweet and sticky), Abyssinian beer (tel), mead (tedge), and spirit (raki), were served in quantities—at least the champagne and the Abyssinian drinks were unlimited, the claret was not quite so abundant.

At the end a wine, very new and heady, made from grapes from the Empress's vineyard, was handed, but I did not venture on anything but a little claret. The Abyssinian beverages are strong, and I did not want a headache.

Whilst we were eating, Lidj Yasu and his Court were being served after their fashion. The Rases all sat on cushions on the floor of the dais, a table was put in front of the throne, behind which the heir-apparent sat huddled up amidst his cushions, richly dressed, and looking like the seated Buddha. Their food was brought them in beautifully woven baskets of grass of varied colors. It seemed to consist of native bread, very brown and acid tasting, about the thickness of pancakes and folded in four, some kind of curry or pilau, and cooked eggs, and then slaves brought round raw meat hung from poles, and each distinguished guest cut

what he liked, and of this they got through a good deal, washed down by copious draughts of the various drinks. This lasted for quite two hours, and then the enclosing sheets were taken away, the great silver candelabra standing about on the floor removed, the large double doors at the end of the hall and facing the dais thrown open, and the men of the people filed in to the number of between 4000 and 5000. All took their places in order, every one seeming to know where to go, and in a surprisingly short time the whole concourse was seated, shoulder touching shoulder, packed like herrings in a barrel, and their feast began. All had mounds of native bread and other food ready placed before them. The long narrow tables were very low, as the company were all seated on the floor. They fell to at once.

At one side of the hall was a huge cauldron of tel, from which great horns, holding quite a gallon, were filled and given to each man, and from that moment till the whole crowd was replete slaves squeezed their way between the close-set boards with relays of freshly killed raw meat hanging from poles carried between two of them, and the banqueters cut off great pieces—as much as they could put into their mouths,—and when no more could be received there, cut off what could not get in with an upward swoop of their knives (one wondered why they did not slice bits of their noses off doing this), wolfed it, and were ready for more.

All this time the long metal trumpets were blaring, the band, with European instruments, playing for all it was worth barbaric strains, with now and then what I believe was the Abyssinian national air—if air it can be called—varied by a few bars of the Marseillaise. Two poets stood at the corner of the dais, bawling verses at the top of their voices to the accompaniment of a kind of banjo with one or two strings

only. No one could hear them, nor should we have known they were reciting except for their contortions and the movement of their lips.

Many of the crowd in the hall were soldiers, and their officers sat in three rows on the steps of the great dais, and instead of tel were given tedge *ad lib.*, served to them in water carafes, from which they drank without troubling about glasses, emptying a bottle at one draught. It was an extraordinary scene and very picturesque. The dark faces and hands of the men—there were no women—in contrast to their white shammas, the sombre light of the vast hall, the great archways of the entrance, the doors of which were left open, with the sunshine streaming in, framing the view of the distant Abyssinian mountains of a faint blue, and the middle distance showing a tree here and there, and now and again the angle of a wall or bit of a roof, made a picture I shall never see again. It was like, as one of the Italian Legation said to me, a picture by Botticelli.

At three o'clock the first batch of feasters had finished and began to file out by a side door and a fresh contingent to crowd in, and we took our leave. We again passed before the throne to be shaken hands with by Lidj Yasu and the Regent and Rases. Then we mounted our mules and horses and so home, not sorry to escape an atmosphere of mingled Abyssinian humanity and raw and reeking flesh, red and purple in hue, into the clear air of this high plateau, the indescribable din of the barbaric music still in our half-deafened ears; but I would not have missed it for the world. I was told between 400 and 500 oxen were slaughtered for this feast, besides a number of sheep. The eating and drinking would go on till night, fresh relays replacing those already fed. It is incumbent for every one to eat to repletion and drink till he is drunk at the

royal feast, to show his loyalty and appreciation, and it is good manners to proclaim the fact by loud eructations! Any riot or fight taking place amongst the men after leaving is not punished. It is a day of pardon for all such as have partaken of the royal hospitality.

The Russian Legation, to which I was one day taken by my hostess, is very well situated, with fine views from it, and a charming veranda, raised by a flight of steps from the garden below, surrounding the front and sides, and has besides some fine old trees about it, a rarity in Adis-Abeba, when, till Menelik ordained no more were to be felled and planted the eucalyptus in quantities to replace those already sacrificed, every tree of any sort was cut down for fuel, and the plain for miles round absolutely denuded. There is a large reception-room or hall, very lofty, into which you enter at once from the steps leading up from the garden to the veranda, at present with little furniture beyond a divan and some chairs and the carpets on the floor. The present Minister and his wife had only lately come, and, as Madame Tchermerzine said, were not yet *bien installé*.

The Italian Legation, to which I was also taken, is perhaps the most picturesquely placed of all, in the cleft of the hills, with a clear stream, in the rains a foaming torrent, below it, and approached by a very well macadamized road. This, as well as the house itself, have been admirably devised and carried out by Count Colli, the present Italian Minister. The house is built in the Italian style, solidly and well, and on all sides the look out from it is enchanting. If it does not command views so extensive as either the English or Russian Legations, there is more variety in them, and the rooms are large, lofty, and well proportioned. It was not entirely finished when I saw it, and Count Colli and his secretary

were living in part of it, the *salon*, &c., not being free of the workmen yet. What furniture there was already in the house had been made mostly in Adis-Abeba by Italian workmen settled there, and Count Colli had had the advantage of Italian labor in the building, instead of wrestling with the indolent, ignorant workmen of the country, —if Abyssinia can be said to produce workmen at all, in the strict sense of the word.

The German and French Legations are handsome, as seen from a distance, but I did not visit either.

We went one day to see the great market-place of the city. It was Saturday, and the bartering was in full swing. Riding till we had forded the river and were on a practicable road, one of the Indian traders in Adis-Abeba met us with a smart gharry or pony-cart he had had built in his own workshop by men and with material sent over from Bombay. The little Abyssinian pony was well broken and fast as well as docile, and the trader politely put his car at my disposal. So I transferred myself from my mule to it, and was driven at a breakneck pace over an ill-kept road, bumping over ruts and holes and great stones here and there, and swinging round corners with the greatest nonchalance on the Indian's part, who seemed full of confidence in his own driving and his pony's powers, which I did my best to share. We crossed into the precincts of the town by Ras Makonnen's bridge. The road was made by him as well. He had, like the Emperor, greater intelligence and enlightenment than any of his successors appear to possess, and next to the break-down of Menelik his death must have been the greatest loss to his country.

I had belied Adis-Abeba when I first arrived, saying in my haste it had no roads, but this road from Ras Makonnen's bridge right through the town

and out to the Emperor's summer palace, several miles distant, is a real road, and were it kept up, which it is not, would make a carriage a useful luxury instead of being now a thing more for show than use, as it can only be used just in the city, except in the case of Count Colli, who has not to cross the ravine, but can drive down his own good road and cross a bridge near the entrance to his Legation, and so go to and from the town easily enough. There is also another road leading to the former capital at Entoto, which for some distance out of the town is practicable still.

The market-place is of huge size, and we saw it at its fullest, literally packed with people in parts. But although it was estimated between 8000 or 9000 must have been in it then, there were large clear spaces on the outskirts of the different crowds. The grain market was held inside long low rows of covered buildings. By now I had left the gharry and mounted my mule again. Syces had to go before us and make a way for us to squeeze through. As in the East, no one and nothing ever got out of the way; the sheep and goats paid no attention any more than the mass of humanity busy with their bargains; and the cattle turned ruminating eyes on us and stood stockstill. Obstacles were shoved and lifted aside by the syces, taking no notice of us, and we bored through in single file. It was a great sight and, as usual, a most picturesque crowd. There is no doubt the African or Asiatic *en masse* is far more decorative than any European mob of people in the clothes of our superior civilization.

Seen close, Adis-Abeba is a mixture of thatched tukles on its outskirts, but the centre of the city mostly of new stone buildings with corrugated zinc roofs from Europe. The Ghibbé itself is a mixture of several separate houses in different styles, the approach very

ramshackle and even squalid according to our ideas. The Indian traders have, one or two of them, built themselves ambitious erections in a rather gimcrack imitation Indian style of architecture, but they look better than the corrugated roofs of the would-be European houses. There is a hotel, the Imperial, built also rather fantastically, kept by an Italian or a Greek, I forget which, where it would be possible to put up if necessary, and one or two European cafés. The Bank of Abyssinia, an English enterprise, is near the hotel, with an English head and his family living in a cluster of tukles close to it,—the bank building itself and the quarters intended for him being still unfinished, and it is said so badly constructed, in spite of the large sum of money expended on them, that there is danger of their falling to pieces. The bank itself is habitable and more or less completed, but all work in the unfortunate house for the manager has been stopped for some time. Happily tukles are, when well made, comfortable dwellings, being warm on chilly nights and cool on the hottest days, owing to their thick mud walls and their thatch.

After the market we went to the shop of one of the Indians to see the palanquin he is making for my journey back to Dirre-Daoua in the spring. Having found the comfort of having one to go into when it gets hot, on the road coming up, I determined upon one being built for myself to go down in. This machine is to cost about £10 or £12 in English money, but will easily be sold after I have done with it: I am told, in fact, a purchaser has already come forward for it.

Our next excitement was the Adis-Abeba races. This sporting event was originated by a former British Minister, and is largely kept going by the British and Italian Legations. The Emperor Menelik, as long as he was

able, took a keen interest in it, and some of his horses, trained for him by Count Colli, still run for the chief events. We were up betimes, and after breakfast in our tukles, whilst we dressed, started at a quarter past eight for the course. This is on the polo-ground, where the Europeans, chiefly the members of the British and Italian Legations, play polo twice a-week. It is a fine large open space given by the Emperor Menelik to the Polo Club and Race Committee, and has a stand and a club-house. It is as big as Sandown Park as far as the ground goes, but of course the stand and club-house are but small, and the paddock and stables elementary. We arrived in very good time, and found the horses all there and crowds beginning to assemble. The views from the course are splendid. The club-house was open, and we found some of the Rases already there, and waiting for the fun to begin. On the opposite side of this part of the course, and facing the stand and club-house, was a tent for the Abyssinian officers who are not admitted to the club or stand, and on each side of the tent a long line of dark-faced, white-clothed natives squatted on the ground in rows three or four deep, behind them the tukles and trees of a part of the town, and beyond them again the everlasting hills, their distant blue melting into the blue of the unclouded sky, and right and left of them the sunburnt course marked out with flags of the national colors stretched away round the big polo-ground. The flag of Abyssinia has the Lion of Judah emblazoned on it, in token of the national descent from King Solomon.

Before long Lidj Yasu, Ras Tesamma, and crowds of Rases, attended by some hundreds of followers, appeared on the scene, and took up a position in the centre of the Grand Stand, where carpets were spread for them

and a couple of gilded chairs placed for the Heir-Apparent and the Regent. We all filed out of our side of the stand and went up to them to pay our respects, after which racing began.

The great event was the race for the Macmillan Cup, a beautiful silver-gilt trophy presented by a former visitor to Abyssinia of that name. It was won by the British Minister's horse Tasvai, who beat the favorite, Jan Hoy, a horse belonging to the Emperor, but run in the name of Count Colli, who had trained him. On the other hand, Fanfulla, Count Colli's own horse, and ridden by M. Cora of the Italian Legation, won another race very cleverly, amidst the plaudits of the crowd, beating his chief opponent by a length just at the winning-post. Up to the last moment the issue of the race looked doubtful. In the steeplechase the British Legation had bad luck, their champion Damas following the pernicious example of Poker, a former winner of the race, owned by Count Colli, running out of the course, missing one of the jumps, and both of course being disqualified, Lancière, another of the Italian Legation's horses, being declared winner.

The Macmillan Cup is run for every year, but should it be won three years in succession it would become the property of the fortunate owner of the successive winners. Betting was conducted by the *pari-mutuel* system, and we betted in Maria Theresa dollars. I came home a winner of eleven dollars, or about £1, 1s. The races for Abyssinians only were amusing to watch. They ride anyhow, crossing and recrossing one another just as they please. There seems no rule as to fouling, and it is a *sauve qui peut* from start to finish. After racing came to an end Lidj Yasu and the Court party were escorted into the Club by the British and Italian Ministers, and regaled with

piles of sandwiches, biscuits, and plenty of champagne.

There was a cold luncheon at the British Legation, to which the members of the other foreign Legations and several Europeans were invited, about twenty in all. M. Brice, the doyen of the Ministers, had left for Paris the week before, so was not present. Racing was all over by twelve, having begun early. During the middle of the day the heat is too great for polo or racing, which has to be got through before noon, or else not begun till about 4 P.M.

One night we went to dine at the Russian Legation—the gentlemen walking, as it was not far, and my hostess and I, riding our mules, well cloaked up to keep our dinner-gowns from getting dirty. It was a moonlight night, and quite a pleasant expedition. After an agreeable evening we returned home about ten o'clock, but some of the rest of the party stayed later and played bridge.

The next day we went up to the polo-ground when the sun was getting lower in the afternoon, and the race-course being still marked out, it was intended to have run off two matches between two of the winners at the races—the first, Count Colli's Fanfulla, a beautiful little horse, and the British Minister's Tasvai, over a three-quarters of a mile course, for a cup to be given by the loser to the winner. Tasvai won easily, ridden by the head groom of the British Legation, an Abyssinian—Fanfulla evidently being not so speedy over a short distance, but a better stayer, as he had shown the previous Monday when he beat Tasvai and the field easily enough over the two-mile course—M. Cora up in both instances.

The second match, between the Italian Legation's horse Poker and the English horses Damas and Sjambok, could not be run on account of hordes of Abyssinians who began to swarm

across the ground on their way down to the river, headed by the Heir-Apparent, the Regent, and the great Rases. It was the Eve of the Feast of the Epiphany called Timkat, a very great festival. On the next day the blessing of the water would take place in solemn form by the Abouna (Metropolitan) and clergy, followed by the religious dance of the priests. This is the greatest religious feast of the year, I believe.

The race was in consequence put off till next day, and three or four chuckers of polo played instead—the polo-ground being at one end, and out of the line of march.

The next morning saw us starting for Timkat at 7.30 A.M. The crowd was so immense we did not attempt to ride down amongst it, and watched from the brow of the hill the procession going from one to another of the temporary altars set up beside the water to the principal saints of the Abyssinian Church. A marvellous sight. The whole population of Adis-Abeba was there, estimated at about 50,000 people of all ages and sexes, from toddling infants who had to be carried, to aged men and women tottering painfully along. The crowd was mostly on foot, but many also rode mules and even horses. Lidj Yasu and the Rases were escorted by bodies of troops, both cavalry and infantry. The Ark and the clergy visited each altar. As usual the dark complexion of the crowd, enhanced by the universal white shammas, produced an extremely picturesque effect, added to by the glitter of the gold on the gorgeous vestments of the Abouna and chief priests, and on the divers colored velvet and silk umbrellas held over them. The blazing sunshine and the romantic beauty of the surrounding scenery made a *mise-en-scène* indescribably beautiful.

The pilgrimage amongst the altars and the blessing of the waters accom-

plished, the long procession wound up the hill from the river to the race-course. Carpets were spread, and gilded chairs for the Heir-Apparent, the Regent, and Abouna, were placed on the top of the great Irish bank in the steeple-chase course,—an odd combination of ideas, perhaps, but very convenient, as it formed a solid and very high dais from which the rest of the ceremony could be comfortably looked down upon. A row of chairs was placed to the left of Lidj Yasu for such of the Legations and principal Europeans as were present (in this instance, I think, only the British and the Russians), on one of which I precariously sat, my feet on the verge of the bank and a row of standing attendants behind me. It seemed the least movement of these might precipitate one into the yawning ditch below us, but soon this was filled with spectators too, so that our fall would have been broken at any rate.

Before taking our seats we had to pass before Lidj Yasu and the Regent and Abouna and be shaken hands with by them,—a work of difficulty owing to the steepness and height of the bank and the uncertain footing afforded by the carpet laid upon it. We each made the longest stride we could, leaving one foot on the ground behind us, while the great ones condescendingly reached down a hand to be grasped, bending themselves double to do it. The difficult ceremony accomplished, we went to our places, to which we were literally hauled up. I felt giddy on the top of the bank at first (I always do in such situations), but mercifully one grows accustomed to most things, and before long I was so much interested in the scene before me I ceased to be nervous. The Abyssinian religion is something of a puzzle to the uninitiated, and watching these ceremonies one wonders what Christianity has to do with the mystic dancing of the priests, which looks more like a survival of the

Egyptian worship of Isis. To the sound of tom-toms and the chanting of a species of Litany by many voices, the two long rows of priests, clothed in white and their heads bound with white cloths, advance and retire in line, or follow one another in a slow waltz step, the knees bent as in a modern waltz *à trois temps*, but without turning in a circle as in waltzing, all the time waving as they move the small brass sistrum of Isis which each priest carries in his hand. The slow spring of the waltz step when well performed is not ungraceful, but seen as I did elsewhere, done by half-drunken priests whose clumsy antics reminded one of dancing bears, there was little grace or decorum in it.

The Ark had been brought in solemn procession, at the head of which the aged Abouna rode on a mule, escorted by priests carrying the gold-embroidered umbrellas, and here laid down on the ground a little way from the bank, to the right of Lidj Yasu, and before it, on a pillow, was deposited the great gold crown of Menelik, which I understood had been given to the Abyssinian Church. The sight of the crown thus publicly displayed gave rise at once to the report the Emperor was dead. This was quite untrue, and even absurd, as it appears that for some years it has been exhibited in the same manner at Timkat.

I do not comprehend the tenets or ritual of the Church of Abyssinia, and am quite sure few Abyssinians do either. The ritual, I imagine, follows the Coptic more than any other and next to that the Greek or Russian Churches. The Abyssinian churches are, at least all that I have seen, circular, and have, I believe, all of them three circles inside. The inner one of all is the Holy of Holies, into which the priests alone can enter. After the service, whatever it may be, has been concluded within the building, on

festivals in the Cathedral the Ark is carried in procession three times round the outside, followed by the Abouna, Court, and chief Rases and officers, the populace forming a dense crowd pressed against the building itself, and between the procession and the walls of the ground encircling it. After the three tours are ended seats are set for the Court and high officials and such foreigners of distinction as may be present, and the dance of the priests, on rather a lesser scale than at Timkat, is gone through. I was taken by my host and hostess to one of these functions, but the *coup d'œil* was nothing like so imposing as at Timkat, when the masses of troops and people were incomparably greater, and the grandeur of the scene with the amphitheatre of distant mountains closing it in, a blue distance of sharply defined hills, infinitely more striking.

I may be wrong, but as far as my limited observation carried me, the Christianity of the Abyssinians had little or indeed no influence on their lives, and seemed largely composed of profitless disputations on recondite doctrinal points, such as the unction of the Saviour; whether and how He was anointed, if by the Father or by the Holy Ghost, and with what sort of oil; and in the giving of names to children in baptism, such as Lidj Yasu (child of Jesus), Gabre Maryam (servant of Mary), Gabre Selassi (slave of the Trinity), &c.

To return to Timkat. After the dance of the priests was over, a prayer in Amharic was recited, and the ceremony was over.

We then slid down from our perches, again scrambled up the steep and slippery bank to take our leave of Lidj Yasu and Ras Tesamma and the Abouna, and returned home, after rather more than a quarter of an hour's ride, at 9.30. I regret to say I omitted being shaken hands with by the ven-

erable Abouna on leaving, as I could not keep my footing on the bank long enough, but trusted in the crowd and confusion this escaped notice. It was interesting to watch the principal chiefs as they came up one by one to do homage to Lidj Yasu and the Regent. They kiss the great toe, and the recipient of this homage kisses each one on the right cheek. I do not think I mentioned the buffoons at the Feasts to which I was taken, both at the Ghibbé and at Ras Tesamma's. The royal jester's great feat seemed to imitate a jockey riding a race, sitting on the ground and violently working his arms and legs to simulate the gradual increase of the horse's pace, till the animal (always one of the Emperor's) came in a triumphant winner. The days passed quickly at Adis-Abeba, and I was sorry when my time there came to an end. The animals interested me as well as the humans. The little pet monkeys, so tame and affectionate, were charming—not much bigger than marmosets; and an odd little lamb with brown ears was born close to my tukle. It was more like a black-and-tan terrier than a lamb, for it was quite smooth and shiny like satin, and had the funniest little attempt at a broad tail to match its mother's. A calf died one night. The cows in Abyssinia will not give down their milk unless they have their calves with them, so the little body was skinned and the skin rudely stuffed, and wooden props put in the legs. It looked very unnatural to me, but the mother cow accepted it, tenderly licked the head, and suffered herself to be milked unresistingly when it was set up beside her.

On a certain day we went by appointment to see the Royal kitchens at the Ghibbé. We were first taken to see one of the treasure-houses, a sort of locked-up barn, with some rather garish glass chandeliers hanging from the ceiling,—gifts, I believe, from the In-

dian traders to the Emperor,—and a few indifferent pictures of sacred subjects propped against the wall, also gifts from foreigners; but the most interesting sight was the piles of ivory, some of the splendid tusks of enormous size and of great value. Those of the female elephant are the most highly prized, as, though much smaller than those of the male, they are finer in the grain, and it is of them that the best billiard balls are made. There is another treasure-house on a higher storey, but on reaching the stair leading to it we were met by an official, who, with profound regret, told us we could not be shown it, the key having been unfortunately mislaid. This we discovered to mean that permission to see it had not been included in our order to view the kitchen, cellars, &c. Here, I believe, are stored the collection of miscellaneous presents—some jewels and articles of gold and silver, clocks, mechanical toys, and in short the usual contents of the doshan-khanas of Indian potentates and the Shah of Persia, for example, but I imagine of much less importance than that of the Shah. Foreign Powers from time to time bestow curious presents on the Emperor Menelik,—strange, that is, in relation to Abyssinia and its backward state of civilization,—such as 60-horse-power motor-cars. Of these modern inventions he has now more than enough, considering there are no practicable roads to use them on, except the two I have mentioned, and then only for a few miles outside the town. Moreover, when the Emperor went abroad etiquette demanded he should be accompanied by quite a thousand men on foot, so that the speed of the 60-horse-power automobile had to be restricted to keep pace with them. Needless to say, it was not often used. How these machines came up the country remains a mystery to me. I was told by the camel-road, a winding cir-

cultious way by which the heavy merchandise is sent, but even so I think they must have been brought up piecemeal and at an enormous expense. The Abyssinian Court returns these foreign courtesies by presents of lions and other wild beasts indigenous to the country. Whilst I was at Adis-Abeba a gift of two young lions was sent to the British Legation to be forwarded to King George. Pending a cage of sufficient size and strength being made for them, and a trolley for it to be put on, and other necessary arrangements for their journey to England, they were lodged in one of the Legation tukles, securely chained to posts driven into the mud floor, watched over by an Abyssinian keeper, and fed on mutton and beef (raw, of course). They were pretty creatures, and allowed their keeper to pat and caress them. The lion was older and bigger than the lioness, and better tempered as a rule. One evening they quarrelled for some reason, and the lion killed his little mate with a blow of his massive paw. No external mark was to be seen on her, but when skinned, the side of her head appeared fractured, and the marks of claws were on the flesh, though the skin seemed to have closed over them and left them invisible on the outside. After this the lion grew fierce, and growled savagely at all and sundry. It seems most unusual for a male to kill a female, and probably had they both been full-grown would not have happened, as it is contrary to the habits of the superior animals—witness the dog, who will endure anything from a female, and never attack her to do her serious hurt. What became of the murderer I do not know, whether he was brought safely to the coast and shipped off to London or not, as I left Adis-Abeba without hearing.

The Italian Minister had a very fine pair of young lions in a large cage in his garden; and the Russian Minister

had one in a tukle, with a large dog chained up opposite to keep him from moping for want of company. Besides the lion, he had also several monkeys and apes, a lynx, and a baby hyena—a poor, little terrified thing, a mere ball of brown fur, like that of a young woolly puppy, out of which appeared two pathetic bright little eyes. It had raw meat beside it, but seemed to prefer milk, with which it was also provided. Being a nocturnal animal, it shrank from the light when the door of its house was open. It looked so unhappy I pitied it greatly.

To return to the Ghibbé kitchen. After inspecting the treasure-house containing the ivory, we were taken first through the workshops, where the Palace carpenters, blacksmiths, &c., plied their trades; and then through several large barns filled with great tubs of tedge (the native mead, made from fermented honey), all half sunk in the earthen floor, and covered with thin sheets of calico, as the tops were left open, to keep out the flies and dust. In one of the barns a carpet was spread, and a small table, with chairs beside it, was set. Some dim and dirty-looking glasses were on it, and we were invited to taste samples of the tedge and red wine. I drank a little tedge, which was really not at all unpalatable, but I thought very strong. It was of extra quality, being made for Royalty. The wine I excused myself from tasting. The middle of the afternoon under the tropical sun, although at an elevation of 8000 feet, was not the time and place to play pranks with drinks containing one does not know what amount of alcohol. Rows of myrmidons from the kitchen and cellars lined the paths as we passed from one building to another, who all bowed deeply to us, bending from the waist. The bakery was by far the most interesting of the places we were shown. It was a long, narrow barn, with lofty raftered roof,

and little (if any) other light than that admitted by the open door, where we entered. A row of fires gleamed, each presided over by a slave woman seated on the ground; a round, handleless iron pan on a tripod stood over each fire, into which a sort of gruel made of teff, a fine millet of which the bread is made, was poured, just thick enough to cover the surface of the shallow pan. A basket-cover was then clapped on the top of it, and in a few minutes the pancake was baked, carefully lifted out, and laid on a pile of others. Each woman had to complete her task of 350 of these "breads" in the twenty-four hours.

From here we proceeded to where the food of the Emperor and Lidj Yasu and Ras Tesamma was being prepared. The cooks, like the bread-makers, are all women. We were agreeably surprised at the cleanliness of the places, but were afterwards told that upwards of two hundred slaves had been set to work to clean up before our coming, and that the new clean calico spread over the tedge-tubs had been sent over from Ras Tesamma's house for the occasion, and was to be taken back there the moment we left!

The last operation was the honey's extraction from the comb for making the tedge. This was managed by putting a great quantity of it into a cloth suspended over a large wooden tub. Leather thongs were then passed

Blackwood's Magazine.

double over it in two places, and four slaves pulled them tight as they jerked the cloth backwards and forwards from side to side: this squeezed the honey out into the tub underneath. The refuse wax was then made into squares like bricks, and piled all round the sides of the barn.

The Ghibbé is made up of a great many separate buildings, like a little village. We passed along rough stony paths, that cut our shoes and hurt our feet, between groves of small trees and patches of vegetables, very near the house where the Empress Taitu is in captivity. Almost all these erections are roofed with corrugated zinc, and the whole of the Palace and precincts look unfinished and untidy. Within, in the rooms of Menelik and his Consort, and even of their *entourage*, I dare say there is more magnificence. I wondered what impression the Courts and Palaces of European Royalties would make upon the Mission coming to England and London for the Coronation of King George, and afterwards to visit Berlin, Rome, Paris, &c.

Our next business was the getting together the homeward-bound caravan, and after some delay the mules were all collected and trained, the palanquin finished, and the start made. I left Adis-Abeba one morning in February 1911, looking backwards with regret to the city of Menelik, which in all human probability I shall never see again.

THE POLITICAL NOVEL.*

When political novels lie on the table, and there is time to generalize about them, one question inevitably arises—Did not Disraeli write the political novel, once for all, so well that

* "Phineas Finn—The Irish Member." By Anthony Trollope. With an Introduction by Frederic Harrison. (Bell, 3s. 6d. net.)
"Phineas Redux." By Anthony Trollope. (Bell, 3s. 6d. net.)

no other political novels count? Even if things are not really quite so bad as that, a good case for the thesis could easily be made out. Disraeli, at any rate, approached the task of political novelist with advantages not possessed by any of his rivals or successors. He had an eye for politics, in the sense in which

some men are said to have an ear for music. He knew the political *milieu*, not as the scholar knows his subject, but as the Cockney knows London, the countryman the country, or the sailor the sea. That is to say, his knowledge was first hand, a part of himself, and not acquired for the purposes of his art. He thought in political language, and political imagery was the natural adornment of his thoughts. The House of Commons was to him what the middle-class society of the Midlands was to George Eliot, London to Dickens, the Navy to Captain Marryat; what Wessex is to Mr. Hardy, India to Mr. Kipling, and Dartmoor to Mr. Eden Phillpotts. His normal vision of the pageant of life—and life was mainly a pageant to him—was a vision of Whigs and Tories, tadpoles and tapers, contending for power and place. The two tocsins of his soul were the election "cry" and the division bell. The only one of his serious competitors of whom one can say as much with even partial approximation to the truth is Lytton; and Lytton was only incidentally and occasionally a political novelist. One certainly cannot say it of Trollope, of Grenville Murray, of Mr. Anthony Hope, or of Mr. H. G. Wells.

It was a further advantage to Disraeli, from the point of view of his art, that, though he lived in the political world, he did not belong to it by birth, but came to it, though at an early age, from the outside, bringing to it not only ideas and ideals of his own but also mental pictures contrasting with, and so giving point to, the picture which it was his function, as an artist, to describe. That gave him the detachment which is as necessary to art as knowledge; and separated him equally from the professional politicians who cannot see the wood for the trees, and from the amateurs who see the wood clearly enough but have to make up the trees out of their own heads. He was able

to take the tone of the man to whom everything that happens, whether in the Commons or in the *coulisses*, is a matter of course; but it was precisely because it had not always been a matter of course to him that he was able to render it convincingly and graphically. He differed from the party hacks, not in knowing less than they did about the technicalities of backstairs intrigue, but in knowing other things as well; and not merely in knowing other things, but also in being moved by other desires and inspired by other ideals. He knew the rules of the game—no man ever knew them better; but he was not absorbed in the game, like the wirepullers, to the extent of playing it merely for the stakes. He also saw what we may call the symbolism of politics.

The outsider who writes a political novel on the strength of knowledge accidentally picked up or acquired by deliberate research almost inevitably betrays himself in one of two ways. Either he takes the game of politics too seriously or else he does not take it seriously enough. There are no charts to guide him in steering a middle course between the Scylla of cynicism and the Charybdis of naïve idealism. He must, as the seamen put it, "smell his way"; but Disraeli had no need to "smell his way"—he knew it. In "*Coningsby*" and the other novels belonging to the same group cynicism and idealism—realism and romanticism—join hands with a persuasiveness not attained in any other novels belonging to the same category. Nothing that is mean in politics is scamped or shirked. It is all fully brought out and made to look ridiculous—quite as ridiculous as in Thackeray or Grenville Murray. At the same time the total effect is neither ridiculous nor mean. Seriousness, splendor, and dignity remain. There is always that impression of a pageant, of which we have spoken; and their

due is always given to the young men who see visions and dream dreams. In short, there is always the warm glow of the young England idealism illuminating the dark corners of the arena in which the rough-and-tumble of party politics is taking place. As politicians we may regard it as a blundering idealism akin to the idealism of the man who proposed to stop earthquakes with pills. As students of Disraeli's career we may question his own faith in his own remedies for the discontents of his day, and may suspect that he was not so much an idealist himself as a man who saw his way to exploit the idealism of others. But that is not the point. We are not discussing Disraeli the statesman, but Disraeli the novelist. Even if the statesman, especially in his younger days, bore some resemblance to an Oriental conjurer, born with aces up his sleeve, the novelist was artistically in earnest. Even his exaggerations were instinctively touched with verisimilitude. He was zealous for beauty, and concerned about ideas. He looked beyond the machinery of politics to the work which the machinery was to do; and he also looked behind it to see how it had got out of gear. It not only arranged itself in pictures for him, but the pictures meant something. One can admit and realize that, without sharing his view that maypoles are preferable to open ports as an antidote to the evils of industrialism. Lord Morley certainly does not accept that proposition as the last word of political and economic wisdom; yet the biographer of Cobden drew attention to the picture of the "hungry forties" drawn in Disraeli's novels as the most vivid that has descended to us.

The difference between Disraeli and Trollope as political novelists is partly the difference between a first-rate and a second-rate mind; but there are a good many other differences as well.

The difference named is, of course, a general difference which would have manifested itself in any kind of novel. The second difference, which is hardly less obvious, is that between the man whose knowledge is an integral part of himself and the man whose knowledge has been acquired pretty much as, say, a knowledge of trigonometry may be acquired, and has no natural and normal relation to his personality. Mr. Frederic Harrison, in his brief and not very adequate introduction to "Phineas Finn," lays great stress on the accuracy of Trollope's information, speculates as to where he managed to pick it up, and surmises that he did so at his various clubs, and chiefly at the Cosmopolitan, described by Sir Algernon West in the *Cornhill Magazine* of June, 1903. Very likely he did; for Trollope had a very receptive brain and a subliminal consciousness well stored with the sort of information that preserves a writer from floundering even when he ventures in the strangest waters. But the suggestion is really only on the level of small talk; and it hardly matters whether it is or is not well found. A more important point is that, though Trollope acquired the knowledge, he did not absorb it.

It is true that his Cabinet Ministers might pass for real Cabinet Ministers, just as the Archdeacons, in the Barchester books, might pass for real Archdeacons—at all events at Mme. Tussaud's; but he only keeps them real by refraining from bringing us too close to them. He knows them as he knows club acquaintances, not as he knows intimate friends. He infers their minds very shrewdly from their manners; but he very obviously is not one of them, and he is only able to portray as much of them as they have revealed to him. The wit of the witty orator, the daring dreams of the audacious adventurer, and the personal magnetism of the idealist in deadly ear-

nest are never rendered by him as by Disraeli; and in the midst of an exactitude surprising in a man who poured out fiction at the uniform rate of a thousand words an hour before breakfast, as a preliminary to a strenuous day at the General Post Office, there are, now and again, though very rarely, blunders which reveal the contrast between the acquired knowledge and the essential ignorance, much as the sudden flash of lightning on a dark night on the mountains shows the precipice skirted by the path. There is a passage in "Phineas Finn" in which he confuses Ways and Means with Supply; and there is another passage in which he represents a Secretary of State as addressing the House instead of the Speaker, and expressing a patronizing approval of an undisputed ruling on a point of order by "the right honorable member in the chair." That is the sort of lapse which "gives away" a political novelist—the sort of lapse of which Disraeli would have been constitutionally incapable.

The real weakness of Trollope as a political novelist, however, is that, to him, politics obviously mean nothing; whereas to Disraeli they meant a great deal, if not absolutely everything. To Trollope, in fact, the political *milieu* is merely one *milieu*, selected out of many which were available for use "on this occasion only"; whereas, to Disraeli, it is the one *milieu* in which he saw life steadily and clearly. There is no impression in Trollope of ambition, hungry for power and hankering after the hushed attention of a Senate, or of genuine zeal for a cause which the zealot perceives to be greater than himself. The impression, on the contrary, is that, morally and intellectually, he and his statesmen and his wirepullers are all pretty much upon a level. His hero is as commonplace an Adonis as ever stalked through the pages of a novel; and when he gets office one feels that

he has been jobbed into it, not so much by influential friends, as by the author, whose purpose it suits to show him there. Even as a Bel-Ami—and he comes before us as a moral Bel-Ami whose face is accidentally his fortune—he is strangely unconvincing. The interest of his story, such as it is, is not a political interest but a love interest. The clash, such as it is, between love and ambition, leaves the reader cold because the passion for politics is not properly realized, or, at all events, not adequately rendered, by the author.

This clash, however, between the passion for politics and that passion for romance which politicians may be assumed to share with the rest of mankind is a theme which seems to find increasing favor with political novelists. It is a subject made to their hands, and one which has been pointedly suggested by the notorious circumstances of more than one remarkable political career. Just as biographers are always interested in the riddle of the celibacy of the younger Pitt, so novelists have sometimes propounded solutions of the riddle of the celibacy of Cecil Rhodes. Both "The God in the Car" and "The Colossus" appear to be contributions to the inquiry; and both works derive a certain ring of reality from the fact that, circumstances being what they were, it was impossible to represent the passion for romance as triumphing over the passion for painting the map red. Truth, in short, in this instance imposed the conclusion which the study of the Disraelian model would have suggested. In "The New Machiavelli," on the contrary, we have the conflict between ambition and desire presented without the inevitable restrictions of a *roman-à-clef* by a writer who, having created his own hero, was free to do what he liked with him; and as "The New Machiavelli" is the most pretentious political novel of recent years, one is naturally curious to see in what

respects its author has improved upon Trollope or fallen behind Disraeli.

He has improved upon Trollope in that his political novel is also a novel about politics, and that politics are taken seriously as the only machinery, however faulty it may be, by means of which certain things which are supposed to need doing can be done. There is really the attempt to present the adventures of a soul—the soul of a man of high and sincere aspirations—in the lobbies of the House of Commons and on electioneering platforms. The central idea—that it is silly and shocking to hound a statesman out of public life because his private conduct is openly immoral—is, whatever we may think of it, an idea of political, as well as artistic, significance. The attempt, that is to say, is on a higher level than Trollope's, and perhaps not on a much lower level than Disraeli's. At the same time, it is more obviously an effort; lacking at once the superficial ease of the clubman which distinguishes Trollope, and the intimate familiarity with his subject which enabled Disraeli to impose his point of view. Just as Mr. Wells's hero, when he writes in the first person as a Cambridge man, raises doubts in our minds as to whether he has ever really been within a hundred miles of a University, so, when he writes in the first person as a promising young member of Parliament, casting about for a constructive policy, he leaves us wondering whether he has ever really got nearer

The Times.

to the heart of politics than the debates of the Fabian Society; and those doubts are strengthened when, towards the close of the book, we find the political interest subsiding and the sexual interest triumphing in a whirlwind of defiant rhetoric. Then, however much we may previously have hesitated, we see where the author's sympathies lie, and how widely his point of view differs from that of the men to whom the pursuit of political ambition is the highest imaginable mode of activity.

The point of view, of course, is perfectly legitimate—provided always that it is presented as the point of view of the sort of man who would be likely to adopt it. There is no reason why the man who stands at that point of view should not write a very good novel; for a very good novel may be written from almost any point of view. But it is the point of view of the outsider and not of the initiated—of the novelist and not of the politician—of the man who is working in one *milieu* with the fruits of observation garnered in another. Consequently "The New Machiavelli," however highly we may praise it, cannot be praised as a great political novel; and we are almost bound to end as we began by declaring that there are no great political novels except Disraeli's. For he alone acquired his knowledge of life and his knowledge of politics simultaneously, and in the same field of inquiry, and so had an instinctive perception of political values.

AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

XI.—THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. BY ARTHUR C. BENSON.

1. Give the exact distance of Stupidity from Destruction.
2. What may a man venture upon an Angel with?
3. Who and what was Graceless?
4. Mention four kinds of carriages.
5. Who was invited for Easter Monday?
6. Mention two remedies for fainting.

7. Where was it impossible to sleep, and why?
8. What was the relation of Gehazi to Judas?
9. Who backed what animals?
10. Mention the names of two footmen.
11. Give the precise value of a small mite.
12. What could not fall but might be diminished?

The Cornhill Magazine.

THE SILK HAT.

When James-over-to-shop returned from his memorable visit to London Churchtown, we gathered from his narrative that the three most notable features of the mighty metropolis are, first the Chamber of Horrors in Baker Street, secondly the sooty sparrows that squabble in every gutter, and thirdly the silk hats of the London clerks. In other respects, as James points out, London is merely a magnified St. Kenna, and provides no new sensations for him who has been to market once or twice. The houses are somewhat loftier, the crowds a trifle bigger, but at bottom 'tis the same thing; and James, as a philosopher to whose imagination mere size appeals in vain, thrust aside the inessential mobs and sky-scrapers, and fastened unerringly on the salient features which make London what it is—unique, unforgettable; to wit, as I said, the horrid murders in waxwork, the innumerable sparrows all black as ink, and the countless silk hats. Especially when he dilates on these last does he rise to lyric heights, till Pentecost's hammer hangs idle in his lifted hand, and their wonted fires die out from the ashes of Bessie's Tom's pipe. It was James's good fortune to be present at a suburban station one morning in time to witness the daily procession of London clerks from start to finish. Indeed, he got up betimes for that very purpose. He arrived at the station between six and seven o'clock—somewhat too early, as he found; but the spectacle was well

worth waiting for. First singly, then in their twos and threes, then in their tens, their fifties, and their hundreds, the London clerks poured in; and James solemnly assures us that he failed to detect more than three or four felt hats in all that glorious throng. It was as grand a sight as ever he beheld, says James, and we can well believe him.

You will rightly infer that the silk, drum, or box hat, as we indifferently style it, is of rare occurrence in our little town. In fact, until lately we could boast of only one that belonged to the place. There are two now, and of the second I have a story to tell; but I cannot let this opportunity pass without making some respectful reference to the first and its wearer.

Sitting on the Seat of Honor down beach, any time of the day when the sun is abroad, you may see the patriarch of Porthjulyan, Uncle Augustus Hunkin. Stout, ruddy, white-haired, he is youthful yet, for all his eighty odd years. His eyesight is not quite what it was a decade ago, but his hearing is as keen as ever, his voice hearty, hearty his appetite, and heartiest the excellent loud laugh that manages to find an appropriate place in well-nigh every sentence he utters. For cheerful philosophy he is hard to beat. It is a favorite saying of his that he would wish to die fourpence in debt. Asked for the secret of long life, he replies—"Content, and so much beef as you can put away"; or, as a variant—"Chaw hard and laugh hearty." Speculating

on the span of life still remaining to him, he prophesies—"I look for a fit to carr' me off—a fit o' laughing, ho-ho!" And he suggests for an appropriate inscription on his headstone—*Here lies Uncle Augustus, that died of a quip.* As for his falling eyesight, that troubles him not; nor will it, says he, until he is no longer able to distinguish a pretty maid from her grandmother. So long as you can do that, says Augustus, you have no reason to complain.

Uncle Augustus and his drum-hat have no separate existence in the minds of most of us. Never seen apart, they are much of an age, I should judge; though there are some who declare that the hat is by far the elder of the two, and was indeed cast in a mould when Adam wore slippers, whenever that mythical epoch may have been. In any case, it is a wonderful structure; in these degenerate days you will search in vain for its match in loftiness of crown and curliness of brim. Some may think that its ancient dignity is degraded by the way its owner has of wearing it continually at the extreme back of his head; and certainly it is a good example of the essential strangeness of things that two such venerable objects as Uncle Augustus and his hat should, by their mere juxtaposition at a certain angle, produce so rakish, young-man-about-townish an effect. Venerable indeed is that hat, not merely by reason of its antiquity, but because of the reverend associations that cluster about it. Uncle Augustus is a lifelong chapel-member, and for many years it was he who took up the Sunday collections in this very hat, first dropping his handkerchief inside, that decorum might suffer no shock from the unseemly clink of coin. It was not until after the great revival of ten years ago, when membership increased enormously and offertories swelled in proportion, that it was deemed advisable for safety's sake to substitute a com-

monplace wooden box. Some of us can remember how, as small boys, we used to beguile the tedium of a long discourse by pleasantly speculating whether, in the event of a larger collection than usual, the crown or the brim of Uncle Augustus's hat would be the first to give way; and when the hat was passed round, it was thrilling to think that the penny one was getting ready might be destined to play the part of the proverbial last straw, and bring a shower of bronze rattling about one's knees. But, as I said, the catastrophe was averted in time. Uncle Augustus and his hat retired from office to enjoy a well-earned repose in the sun down beach; and there I will leave them, and pass on to the tale of the Stranger's Gift, and how it went perilously near to ruining the happiness of the loveliest young couple in Cornwall.

To begin with, a charitable hope may be expressed that the gentleman from London meant well by it. Either he did, and was singularly lacking in a sense of humor and proportion, or else he was a practical joker of the most abandoned kind, and abominably ungrateful into the bargain. Mr. Smith came down to Prothjulyan for his health, and found a hearty welcome and comfortable accommodation at the Rowes' cottage. Jamesy Rowe had lately taken Julia Harvey to wife. Everything about the place was spick and span; Julia in her cookery blended the experience of the matron with the enthusiasm of the bride; there were no noisy children about; Mr. Smith came for a week and stayed a month.

On the morning of his departure he walked out on the cliffs to take a last view of the rocks and the sea, and to fill his lungs with a last draught of our medicinal air. The air was in a bolsterous mood that morning; Mr. Smith's hat—one of those soft indented felt hats—was rudely snatched from his

head and whirled over a sheer two hundred feet of cliff into the sea. So it happened that he drove away from our little town with a cloth cap of his host's on his head, and on his lips a gay promise to return or replace the same within a few days.

To say that he was as good as his word would be untrue. He was far better—or worse—than his word. When on the following Saturday the handbox arrived, and the impatient Julia had fetched Jamesy up from the beach, and Jamesy had cut the outer string and untied the inner tape and lifted the lid, a brand-new, glossy, black silk hat was disclosed to their astonished eyes. Exclamations burst simultaneously from the two; Julia's was of unalloyed rapture, Jamesy's was flavored with a spice of dismay.

"Well now," said Julia, as she carefully extracted the gift from its swathings of tissue paper—"well now, I do call this handsome of Mr. Smith! A drum-hat! How it do shine! Real handsome, to be sure, and cost a pretty penny, I'll be bound."

"Shouldn' wonder," said Jamesy, regarding it with uneasy disfavor. "But what's going to do by en? That's what I want to know."

"Do, thou bafflehead?" cried Julia, with a fond smile to soften the rude word. "Do? Why, wear en, to be sure!"

So saying, she poised the hat delicately between her finger-tips, raised herself on her toes, and set it on his head. With her own head prettily on one side she marked the effect.

"Grand! You'm the gentleman now, Jamesy! La! 'tis one o' these proud London clurks I've been and married, and no fisherman at all!"

"But, Julia!" exclaimed her dismayed husband, "I can't go about with this black drum thing 'pon my head. They'll all be laughing upon me!"

Julia compressed her lips. "Let

them laugh if they've a mind to," said she.

"And what's more, I won't!" declared Jamesy.

Julia wrinkled her brow. "James Rowe," she said, "you'm talking foolish."

"I'm talking sense," protested Jamesy. "But I'd rather talk foolish than look foolish."

Julia's eyes flashed ominously. "James Rowe, you'm going to chapel with me to-morrow in the handsome hat the kind gentleman's sent 'e."

Jamesy shook his head. The hat promptly slid sideways over the close-cropped surface of his skull, and came to rest upon his left ear.

"There 'tis!" he exclaimed in disgust. "Don't fit me, even! Bistly old thing! How's going to keep en on?—tell me that. If I go to take a step, I can feel him waggle."

"You got to larn," said his wife, in a determined tone. "It want some practice, 'course; but if others can wear 'em, so can you. And so you shall!"

Jamesy shook his head again, but not until he had first put up a steady hand. Julia stamped her foot.

"And so you shall!" she repeated, on a higher note. "This very Sunday; or else you go to chapel alone."

"Why, Julia!" exclaimed her husband, aghast. "We ben't going to quarrel, sure! Me and my fond little wife!"

"A lot you care for your fond little wife!" choked she. "And—and I've been and married a man with no more proper pride than a wu-wurm, nor no more kind feelings than a Tu-turk!"

At the sight of tears, the first tears of their married life, Jamesy did as braver men have done, and surrendered at discretion.

"There! Shall be as you do wish—there!" The hat rolled on the floor unregarded, as he proceeded to make his

peace in the only possible fashion. But though subdued, he remained unconvinced, and his heart failed him when he thought of the morrow.

His misgivings were amply justified. Their walk to chapel next morning was humorously elevated by Porthjulyan into a triumphal procession. Subdued cheers were raised, hats were doffed, curtsies dropped, and a band of urchins beating imaginary drums cleared the way for the pair. Julia walked along, rigidly unconscious, her pretty nose in the air; while the victim of fashion, his hand convulsively grasping the unruly hat, alternately twisted an uneasy deprecatory grin on the spectators, and relaxed the same to whisper a savage "I told 'e so!" in his wife's ear. His arm ached consumedly, an iron band gripped his brow, and life was a bitter mockery. Surely Julia would now see reason, and relinquish this absurddest of social aspirations.

But Julia persisted. Some words of matronly scorn—a whispered "Think a brave lot of ourselves, don't us?"—a blunt outspoken "Julia Rowe, be you mazed to leave your man make such a may game of himself?"—roused her pride and stiffened her resolution.

"They'm jealous!" she declared. "Not one of 'em but 'ud give her best bonnet to walk to chapel along of a hat like that."

Jamesy sighed, and stroked Peter the cat. He felt that a strong bond of sympathy united himself and Peter. When first the hat arrived, Peter had jumped up on the table to inspect it, as in duty bound he inspected everything that came into the house; and after a single sniff, Peter had lifted up his back and sworn aloud. Jamesy sighed, and thought of distressful times to come—times of wearisome chaff, of jokes mercilessly hammered in to the head. He glanced at Julia, as with frowning brow and pursed-up lips she brushed that ridiculous cylinder of silk

and muslin. Was that his smiling, coaxing little wife? This was not matrimony as he had imagined it, nor as he had experienced it before this Trojan gift arrived. He wondered if a renewed resistance would be worth trying, and the deepest sigh of all acknowledged the futility of the notion.

Their customary Sunday walk on the cliffs, lover-like, arm a-crook, was omitted that afternoon without a word said on either side.

On Monday Jamesy's doleful expectations were fully realized. Chaff whirled about him as it whirls about the thresher in the rickyard. Sam Jago had seen a majestic drum-hat come out of Jamesy's door, with something obscurely visible inside it that looked like a man, though Sam wasn't at all sure. Could Jamesy resolve the doubt? Bessie's Tom craved permission to feel the top of Jamesy's head, and detected a portentous swelling there, such as no ordinary head-gear could cover. An eruption of brains?—or of conceit? queried Tom. And our minor wits made up for their lack of subtlety by a sledge-hammer vigor and persistence. Such talk can only be answered in two ways—in kind, or else with blows; and Jamesy was neither witty nor warlike. He suffered in silence; that deprecatory smile was called for so often during the week that he began to wear it permanently. It greeted him in the glass when he shaved next Sunday morning; so looked, he thought, the patient grinning wooden figures you throw sticks at for cigars at fair-time.

The walk to chapel was a repetition of last week's progress, with added effects. And though the two walked side by side, a great gulf yawned between them. All the week they had been drifting apart. Sharp words had been spoken; looks had been exchanged, as black as the hat itself. Of *that* no syllable was uttered; but its

image ever hovered between them, an inky spectre.

Jamesy began to grow desperate, and out of his desperation was born an idea. It came to him that evening as they sat over the fire in the kitchen, together, yet apart; and the Satanic beauty of it made him chuckle. Julia's heart leapt. For a whole week all mirth had been banished from that modest roof. Was her world about to right itself? She put forth a timid, penitent hand; a second chuckle caused her to draw it back as from a serpent, for this was unmistakably the laughter of the Pit.

On Monday morning Jamesy waited until Julia was out of the way. Then he stole upstairs, drew the handbox from under the bed, took out the hat, rammed it well down over his brow, crept downstairs again, and sallied forth, whistling a merry tune.

Strange things have been seen at times in Porthjulyan, but in all its varied history nothing so strange as the spectacle of that day—an able-bodied fisherman in guernsey and sea-boots going quietly about his work, baiting hooks, handling ballast, hauling crab-pots, with a brand-new silk hat on his head. We held our sides, and racked our brains for fresh quips. Jamesy went on with his work, placidly smiling. It was a calm sunny morning; all the world was a-glitter; but nothing on earth or sea that day surpassed the sheen of Jamesy's hat. Wherever it went the amazed sun devoured it with burning glances; on the beach it dazzled all eyes; far out at sea its lustre dominated the shimmering waves.

When Jamesy returned to dinner, there were traces of tears in Julia's eyes, but she said no word. The meal was eaten in stiff silence, and forth went the hat again to affront all heaven and earth with its easy supremacy of ugliness. Now we began to perceive that the joke had somehow been trans-

ferred from our own hands to Jamesy's; we ceased to mock, and professed ourselves ready to laugh with Jamesy instead of against him. Jamesy opened two serious eyes, averring that he saw no humor in the hat; it was a handsome hat, and comfortable enough when one got used to it; if he chose to wear it at his work, whose concern was that? Not altogether at our ease, we returned to our scoffing.

Husband and wife, meeting over the teapot, exchanged searching glances, read "No surrender" in each other's eyes, and sat down to table, mute and sullen.

In the night the wind got up, and Julia's spirits rose with it. The elements were ranging themselves on her side; to-morrow would be a day for close-fitting caps. But on the morrow Jamesy retired upstairs for half an hour, and when he came down he was suitably rigged to encounter the rankiest south-easter that ever blew. Eyelet holes had been bored in the brim of the hat, and an ingenious arrangement of guy-ropes in twine and elastic, passing from either side under Jamesy's chin, made all taut and snug. Julia refrained from tears and hardened her heart.

On Wednesday, casual visitors drifted in from Polgoose, Tregarra and elsewhere, lured by a strange tale of a mad fisherman. Their laughter was offensively loud and long, and we began to think that the joke had gone far enough for the credit of the town. Remonstrances were addressed to Jamesy. He listened, and in reply began to preach with quiet earnestness the Cult of the Silk Hat. He bade us note the advantages it conferred. It was at once a commodious head-covering, a stately ornament, and an unequivocal mark of rank. It added inches to the wearer's physical stature; to his social stature yards. It was also a convenient portable store-cupboard for pipe,

'bacca-pouch, handkerchief, spare fish-books, pasties and what not. Moreover, with what ease did its happy possessor achieve that most difficult of marine manœuvres—the expeditious lighting of his pipe in a gale of wind, when all Bryant and May, you would say, were impotent and unavailing! Some took sacks to sea, and retired within them at the critical moment; he, superior, disdained such clumsy make-shifts. Jamesy concluded by exhorting all Porthjulyan to follow his example, and invest to a man in silk hats. Puzzled and baffled, we retired to shake our heads in corners.

But Sunday was again drawing near, and Jamesy began to grow nervous and apprehensive; for Julia showed no glimpse of the white flag. Daily her face grew harder; their intercourse was strictly limited to words of briefest necessity. His heart misgave him; he feared he had gone too far; and at last he pocketed his pride and murmured a tender contrite word. For answer, Julia rose and left the room.

Saturday was a day of wind and rain, and Jamesy found himself in an unpleasant predicament. The weather made it a day of idle lounging under cellar walls; but it would be carrying the joke far beyond the limits of jocosity to expose the lustrous surface of the hat to the showers, while to issue forth without it would be to acknowledge his defeat. On the other hand, a wet day spent indoors with a hostile, speechless spouse offered small prospect of comfort and entertainment. Yet rather that, than own himself beaten. Give in at this stage? Never! He took *The Seaman's Manual* from the little heap of books on the parlor side-board, settled himself squarely at the kitchen table, and began to study landmarks and currents. Landmarks and currents soon palled on him; his idle hands itched for mischief; he fetched the hat, and, by a refinement of malice,

began sedulously to smooth and polish it under Julia's nose. Julia continued to go about her work, coldly indifferent. Baffled, he set the hat down, brim upwards, on the table before him, and again strove to interest his miserable wits in tides and channels. Julia finished her Saturday dusting and sweeping, took a chair in the remotest corner of the room, and bent her head over some needlework.

To this situation of dumb tragedy, enter the winged Goddess from the machine.

A fond young couple, be they ever so fond, will feel the need of other objects on which to lavish their superfluous store of tenderness. In course of time the void is usually filled in a perfectly legitimate and delightful way, but meanwhile the reign of furred and feathered pets endures. Jamesy's especial favorite was Peter the cat; Julia distributed her affection among a dignified family of Bantams, reserving the cosiest nook in her heart for Spotty, who was the youngest of the three hens, and small for her age. Spotty had been reared from microscopic chickenhood by Julia's own hands; her earliest associations were centred round a cardboard box at the back of the "apparatus," as we call the kitchen range at Porthjulyan; and now that she had grown up, affection and habit combined to bring her in and about the house all day. It was she who, drenched and buffeted by rain and wind, now tapped impatiently with her beak at the back door. Julia got up and let her in. She clucked her thanks in a shrill treble, and stalked to the fireside, where she perched on the fender and began to preen her dragged feathers.

Jamesy relinquished his book, Julia her needlework, and both contemplated Spotty with eyes of anxious affection. The cares of approaching motherhood were weighing for the first time on

Spotty's mind. Her comb was as red as fire, she cackled in preoccupied tones from morn to night, she shunned her fellow fowls: all of which symptoms pointed unmistakably to eggs. Yet no eggs appeared. Much time was spent in inspecting eligible sites for nests; but whether from youthful caprice or from aristocratic fastidiousness (she was a Bantam of high lineage), Spotty could settle on none to her taste. Her health suffered, her appetite declined, and her master and mistress had good reason for anxiety.

Her toilette completed, Spotty hopped from the fender and minced daintily about the room, her neck bobbing gracefully at every step, her round bright eye peering this way and that. Jamesy could not refrain from a glance at Julia, nor Julia from a glance at Jamesy; their eyes met and dropped in confusion. The same thought had occurred to both at the same moment. Spotty, undaunted by many disappointments, was still searching for that eligible site. They watched her make the round of the room, and detected in her frequent clucks a whole gamut of emotions—hope, confidence, doubt, dismay, despair. They entered fully into her feelings, and when she hopped on to the window-sill and craned her neck wistfully towards that ostrich egg in a mossy hanging basket, the counterpart of which is to be found in every well-appointed cottage in Porthjulyan, neither was at a loss to interpret her regretful "Kuk-uk!"

"A nest ready-made of the best materials," it said, "and in it a superb nest-egg. I am sorely tempted. But the egg is somewhat of the largest. I doubt my powers. My inexperience is against me. I will be prudent, and refrain."

From the window-sill to Jamesy's shoulder was a single fluttering leap; another took her from Jamesy's shoulder to the table. Two steps she ad-

vanced; then she paused, with one diminutive foot upraised, the claws of it clenching and relaxing with emotion, her abstracted left eye on Julia, her excited right on the Hat. Julia's sewing fell from her lap. The fire was transferred to Spotty's left eye as she brought it in turn to bear on the hat, while she now held Jamesy with her right. Jamesy drew a long breath. Spotty lowered her foot, took a slow hesitant step, and stood again at one-legged attention. No pin dropped, so no sound was heard. Then Spotty hesitated no longer. A deft jump, a balancing wing momentarily outstretched, and she stood safe and steady on the hat-brim. She peeped within. Her right eye ascertained that the interior was as roomy as any Bantam could desire; her left made sure that it was clean, and comfortably, nay, luxuriously lined. The next moment Spotty had disappeared inside the hat.

Jamesy's fist, raised for a delighted bang on the table, was arrested in mid-air by a warning "Hush!" from Julia. Once more their eyes met, and this time lingered, saying many things. Jamesy was rising impulsively, when Julia waved him back, and with another gesture indicated the hat. The crisis was not yet over.

Two interminable minutes they waited, with hearts that beat absurdly high. Then, as in a conjuring trick, Spotty reappeared on the hat-brim, shook her ruffled feathers into composure, ogled her two friends simultaneously with two divergent glittering eyes, and remarked in tones of triumphant assurance—

"Tuk-tuk-tuk-tuk-tra-a-aa-tuk!"

Together they rushed to the hat, and Jamesy's arm was about Julia's waist as they peeped within, and beheld the tiniest, frailest, most delightful egg that ever mortal Bantam laid.

"That settles it," said Jamesy, with solemn conviction.

"That settles it," echoed Julia, between laughter and tears.

"We've been two fools," declared Jamesy.

"Two fools we've been," agreed Julia.

"Do 'e fancy she'd like some green meat?" said he.

"I'll put some Indian corn in soak for her this minute," said she.

"Whatever she do fancy, she shall have."

"Whatever she do have, she deserve."

"Do 'e think 'twould be safe to move the hat?"

"Best not. Leave well alone, say I. It might put her off."

"Where's my cap? I must go tell 'em down beach."

"In your cap? They won't know 'e!"

"Aw well, I ben't in no hurry, come to think of it. I'll stay here for a bit with my fond little wife."

"A lot you care for your fond little wife!"

"You'm right," declared Jamesy fer-

vently. "I do that. A brave lot."

For a month the hat remained undisturbed on the kitchen table. Seven eggs were laid, and seven successfully hatched. Then, when Spotty had led her diminutive brood—they were about as big as walnuts—forth into the world, the bandbox was fetched, and the hat went into honorable retirement, there to remain until Jamesy's younger brother was about to get married, when he solicited the loan of it for the occasion. Its appearance added much to the dignity of the ceremony, and several of the maidens who were present registered mental vows, with the result that now no wedding in our little town is considered complete unless Jamesy's hat decorates the bridegroom's brow. And so I leave it, encircled with a genial halo, and promising in time, if not to supplant Uncle Augustus' bell-topper in our affections, at least to occupy an equally honored place.

Charles Lee.

MR. BALFOUR'S RESIGNATION.

Not often does a Statesman, still young as ages are reckoned in Parliament, lay down the reins of party leadership. Mr. Gladstone was sixty-five, two years older than Mr. Balfour, when he withdrew temporarily from the guidance of the Opposition, but in the next twenty years he had added three terms of the Premiership to a long public career that was never really interrupted. In Mr. Balfour's case, though it may be hoped that he will long continue to serve his country in the House of Commons, the cause of his resignation precludes any expectation that he will ever resume the highest position on the Unionist side. For the last five or six years, as is fairly well known, nothing but his supreme sense of duty and his unflinching courage have en-

abled him to overcome the almost paralyzing disability of recurrent illness and constant physical weakness. In 1906 the Unionist Party had suffered a crushing reverse and its leader had failed to secure re-election. Powerful and relentless interests had been antagonized, and a wave of feeling throughout the country, which seems somewhat artificial now, had swept into the House of Commons a horde of extremists for whom Mr. Balfour represented the arch-enemy of triumphant Radicalism, or even righteousness. If concerted interruption, studied discourtesy, and devices borrowed from provincial rowdiness could have quelled the Unionist leader, he would have had to resign within a few months of taking his seat for the City of London, but he

fought on undaunted, compelling the admiration of his opponents by sheer force of intellect, and finally winning their reluctant affection by his straightforwardness and singleness of purpose. It suited the aims of Radical propagandists to picture him at one time as an irresolute theorist who did not know his own mind, and at another as a master of chicane and finesse; but his abler adversaries in the House of Commons were not long in recognizing the strength of will that no adversity could subdue, and the clearness of insight that revealed the difficulties and shortcomings they had vaguely felt to be latent in their proposals, but could not themselves disentangle. It was his misfortune that though he regained and strengthened his hold upon the House of Commons, he never fully recovered his control of the party. Many of the older Members were no longer at Westminster, and the newcomers, reinforced in 1910, were impatient of the slow progress of Unionism in the country. The position of the Government was being steadily undermined, but they expected that by some means, in an emergency, or on some shift of the wind, it would be overwhelmed—and luck has invariably favored the Government. The most serious blow that overtook the Unionist leader was the loss of Mr. Chamberlain's active assistance. Among his lieutenants Mr. Chamberlain only could supply the talents that were complementary to his own, the practical knowledge of men and affairs and the gift of appealing to humanity, especially electoral humanity, in the mass. With Mr. Chamberlain away, the leader often seemed to stand strangely alone, and it must be admitted that the management of the party in the House of Commons was not always such as to afford him the largest available measure of support. For this Mr. Balfour was no more respon-

sible than for the fact that when illness necessitated his absence the Opposition had to struggle along virtually without counsel or direction. It may be said that the strength of his leadership was impaired by certain difficulties experienced by the ordinary Member in approaching him with grievances or suggestions, but the *jus libera admissionis* has always and on both sides been subject to the control of those who take matters of internal administration off the leader's hands. If he would never willingly suffer boredom or the waste of his time, he was at least as approachable as either of his successors in the Premiership, and the vast amount of work which the changing phases of politics threw upon him made his time increasingly precious. A more easy-going temperament would have lightened his labors and prolonged his tenure of the leadership, but his spirit was naturally combative and, as a keen student of political affairs in themselves, he took an unwearied interest in minor proposals which, though they showed the trend of public thought, did not figure largely in the proceedings of the House. While the man in the street imagined him immersed in abstruse speculations, he was perhaps often engaged in considering what the man in the street thought and whither his thoughts would carry him. Few party leaders have apparently had other distractions, and Mr. Balfour has been consistently portrayed by the Radical press as a dilettante and a metaphysician. It is more than probable that the ordinary mind, contemptuous of the arts and suspicious of philosophy, resolved to find Mr. Balfour incomprehensible, and closed itself against some of the plainest and broadest political teaching and argument that has ever been addressed to it.

Though his leadership is at an end, it is inconceivable that Mr. Balfour will

withhold the benefits of his counsels and his long Parliamentary experience from the House of Commons and the party that he has so faithfully served. Serious politicians on both sides would admit that a period of trial lies before the country, and the House of Commons cannot dispense with his pre-eminent intelligence or with the fortitude that marked his Irish Secretaryship and prevailed in the darkest hours of the Boer war. We may rest assured

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that Unionism, soon to be put to the supreme test, will not lack his ungrudging aid, and that whoever may be called upon to succeed him in leading the Opposition in the Commons will find no more loyal, as he could find no abler, second. We keep the statesman though the leader has gone; if it were otherwise the loss to the country and to the party would indeed be irreparable.

CLUBS — AND CLUBS.

The desire for what one may call domestic magnificence is on the increase, especially among women. They like to dream of dwelling in marble halls, to think of themselves in a splendid house with many servants and wonderful furniture and the newest kind of lights, to be able to order what they like, when they like, without the slightest consideration about that wearying thing—servants' convenience. In short, they like to imagine a touch-the-button-life away from the innumerable checks imposed at every step by the limits of an ordinary income. When a great number of people dream daily and voluntarily of the same thing it generally comes true—not for the individual, but for the many. Unfortunately what is obtained by combined contrivance must be enjoyed in common.

The "best" women's clubs of to-day are, we think, the outcome of this dream that the fairly prosperous have dreamed. A visitor entering from the street has a sense of luxury, of space, of fine upholstery, and general grandeur which agreeably or disagreeably cannot fail to impress him. At the same time he will feel that though he has got out of the street he has not got out of the traffic; he will feel himself to be in a palace—with the public. If

he is in good spirits the sensation is not otherwise than invigorating; but if he is at all tired he will hardly fail to reflect that women's voices unfit them in a measure for club life. As he looks round him he sees that every woman is talking—not idly or off and on to an acquaintance, but eagerly and apparently intimately to some friend who is there by appointment. That is the reason of the noise and of the sense of a charged atmosphere. Among a crowd of well-dressed women there are always some whom it is a real pleasure to look at; but to a mass of people, the great majority of whom are middle-aged, a magnificent setting is peculiarly unbecoming. A large full room of excessive height in a ladies' club looks like a very deep drawer with innumerable little people and chairs at the bottom. The unusual number of feet between the tops of their heads and the top of the drawer seems somehow to take away the interest of their individuality without lending them any corporate charm. The chairs are still and the people are moving, the chairs all silent, and the distressed visitor, trying to make himself heard, wishes that their occupants would be so too. How can they like it? he may reflect. They do not like it. No one exactly likes

to pay heavily for anything. The noise and the traffic are the price of the setting which could not be bought without vast multiplication of subscriptions. They grumble, but they pay, and pay heavily, for surroundings and food, which are not plain. Most people nowadays are tired of plain things.

Among the few, however, we find an inevitable reaction. Not only would a small reactionary party sacrifice anything for quiet, they even long for shabbiness and contraction, so far does the swing of the pendulum lead them. There are clubs in London to satisfy these malcontents. In such a club the rooms are like those in an ordinary dwelling house; that is, they are of a size to allow some significance to their individual occupants and the furniture is a little behind the times. It does not do to enter them with the impression of a fashionable crowd still in one's eyes. To do so would mean to do injustice to their occupants. But banish the spirit of comparison and ridicule, and this homely interior is well worth attention—none the less because there is something odd about the scene. Is it a good thing to come out from among the throng? What would the world look like if the attraction of uniformity for the feminine mind were less than it is? Would it improve the look of the world? It depends from what point of view. It certainly adds interest to a group. The most sympathetic observer will probably admit that cranks are attracted to small clubs. In spite, however, of the unclublike quiet—almost everyone is reading or writing—no one could fail to be impressed with a sense of sober liberty; it is so very evident that the laws of fashion do not run here. Moreover it is only in such a club as we are describing that the visitor may be startled by the sight of a child or a dog. A great proportion of the members are sure to be unmarried. They

are not tried by children at home, and they like to see them when they are out; besides the occasional advent of well-chaperoned children enlivens an atmosphere which it must be admitted is a little sad if peaceful. It is not easy to account for this light depression. Hither come a few sensible, hardworking professional women and a few still more sensible, perhaps still more hardworking matrons. An intellectual *grille* protects the entrance and effectually keeps out frivolity, ignorance, and, generally speaking, poverty. The result is restful, comfortable, in some moods delightful, but never gay. Everyone is at home. We think the cranks are responsible for a certain air of sadness. No rampaging woman with a gospel to preach ever comes to such a place as this. She knows she could have no effect. She knows that her audience, however few, will be, so to speak, too many for her. The learned matron disapproves of her, and the professional woman has no time for her—has heard it all before and has heard the answer. But the quiet crank abounds in such a club; no one can object to her. She lives shut up in her theories, to which no one pays any attention, even if she ever mentions them. She is, however, never in very high spirits. It is a sad thing and strangely isolating to be obliged by some dogma or dogmas to which one clings to walk always against the wind of the time-spirit. To be obliged by some inner impulse to oppose oneself always to a force before which one must fall, which breathes in the breath of the great majority and mocks its opponent at every turn; it is not a voluntary attitude, it is a fate. Some day the wind may change, but then those who battled against it will be dead. Another less abstract reason for the sad effluence which seems to arise from the club-crank has something to do with the fact that she is so often a vegeta-

rian. A diet of hot tomatoes swimming in butter and stiff rice pudding flavored with cheese is wanting in those physical properties which appear to have their spiritual outcome in a light heart, and seems, at any rate in women, to favor an appearance of refinement which seems to be reached by a process of exhaustion. It is an odd fact of human nature that it is impossible to believe without doubt what is disbelieved by everyone around you. The multiplication table could not stand the test. All cranks live in doubt, yet some delusive spirit assures them that an intellectual renunciation means despair. A measure of intellectual orthodoxy is a *sine qua non* of optimism. One great advantage comes of the presence of cranks: they never combine. Their presence keeps away

The Spectator.

that spirit of intimacy which might otherwise turn a small disconnected community into a society. Societies are all very well, but they are not clubs. The question whether women are clubbable has been asked for years. Certainly what are called women's clubs increase in number and size every year. It is, of course, very difficult to define a club. The ordinary women's club is a restaurant to which she goes because the fancy has taken her to play at riches and because she has lost her appetite and cannot eat at home or without company. It is only the clubs in which there exists a distinct element of eccentricity which are in no danger of becoming restaurants. The ordinary woman does not want a club—in Dr. Johnson's sense.

LAVENDER'S FOR LADIES.

Lavender's for ladies, an' they grows it in the garden;

Lavender's for ladies, and it's sweet an' dry an' blue;

But the swallows leave the steeple an' the skies begin to
harden,

For now's the time o' lavender, an' now's the time o' rue!

"Lavender, lavender, buy my sweet lavender,"

All down the street an old woman will cry;

But when she trundles

The sweet-smellin' bundles,

When she calls lavender,—swallows must fly!

Lavender's for ladies, (Heaven love their pretty faces);

Lavender's for ladies, they can sniff it at their ease,

An' they puts it on their counterpins an' on their pillow cases,

An' dreams about their true-loves an' o' ships that cross the
seas!

"Lavender, Lavender, buy my sweet lavender,"

Thus the old woman will quaver an' call

All through the city—

It's blue an' it's pretty,

But brown's on the beech-tree an' mist over all!

Lavender's for ladies, so they puts it in their presses;

Lavender's for ladies, Joan an' Mary, Jill an' Jane;

So they lays it in their muslins an' their lawny Sunday dresses,
 An' keeps 'em fresh as April till their loves come 'ome again!
 "Lavender, lavender, buy my sweet lavender,"
 Still the old woman will wheeze an' will cry.
 Give 'er a copper
 An' p'raps it will stop 'er,
 For when she calls lavender summer must die!

Punch.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The story of a Parisian rag-picker, a new version of "The Patient Griselda," for the gentleman obliges his beloved to live as a sorter of ash-barrels for a number of years before the wedding, has been written by Mary E. Waller—she of "The Wood-carver of 'Lympus'"—and called "My Ragpicker." The tale is told by a middle-aged Parisian artist and is full of feeling and sentiment. The style is exquisite. Little, Brown & Co.

Charles Sanford Terry's "Short History of Mediaeval Europe" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) covers the period from the fall of the Roman empire to the fall of the Eastern empire. It is of brief compass but well-proportioned and sufficiently comprehensive. The author's chief purpose, as he explains in his preface, is to bring European history into closest connection with that of Britain and to view it in a British perspective. He complains, with some reason, that most historians of this period write as if Britain had vanished from the map.

The Macmillan Company publishes a new illustrated edition of Percival Lowell's "The Soul of the Far East." History has been making rapidly in that part of the globe since Mr. Lowell first published these studies of life, literature, art, nature and religion in Japan; but the essential characteristics of the people have changed but little,

and these intimate studies of them have lost neither charm nor value. Of the thirty or more illustrations which decorate this edition some are from photographs by the author and others from rare Japanese prints.

Henry Holt & Co. present an old favorite in a new and attractive dress,—Captain Marryat's story "The Children of the New Forest," illustrated in line and color by E. Boyd Smith, whose decorations of Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans" won general appreciation last year. There are eight full-page illustrations in color, and twenty-five or thirty line drawings for chapter headings. To the present generation of boy readers Captain Marryat is little known; but his sterling qualities as the teller of spirited and stirring tales of adventure entitle his books to a new lease of life in this substantial and pleasing form.

Mary Taylor Blauvelt, a schoolmistress and a writer on historical subjects, went recently to Cambridge, England, for "research work in English Libraries," was taken ill, and spent her long convalescence sunning on that lovely group of trees and stream and sward known as "The Backs." From this summer has come a book of essays, "In Cambridge Backs." Written during a rather hopeless period of getting well they do possess a plaintive air. The author has had a wide reading and modern education; her quotations are,

generally, unhackneyed; her semi-Christian philosophy up to date. She allows the reader to share in all her ailments and thoughts. Sherman, French and Company.

The Macmillan Company begins the publication of a new edition of Shakespeare—The Tudor Shakespeare—with "Romeo and Juliet." The edition is edited by W. A. Neilson, Professor of English in Harvard University and A. H. Thorndike, Professor of English in Columbia University; and the initial volume is edited jointly by the general editors. Of the succeeding thirty-nine volumes each will be edited by a different Shakespearean scholar. The Neilson text is used. Brief notes, a glossary and a list of variant readings furnish all needed aid, without burdening the reader with the finer points of Shakespearean criticism. The volumes are of convenient size and attractive typographically.

The very attractive title, "Democracy and Poetry" which Prof. Francis B. Gunmore of Haverford College has placed on the cover of his series of lectures, delivered before The Northwestern University, lures the reader on to great expectations—and they are in a large degree fulfilled. The lectures begin with a statement of true Democracy. The true Democracy takes for its purpose the success of the state rather than of self. The world today exalts self at the expense of the state and, consequently, the great poets have revolted towards monarchy. He proves this to his own satisfaction, if not at every point to the reader's. He then discusses Whitman and Taine as exponents of Democracy, ending with a hopeful prophecy for the poetry of the future. Houghton Mifflin Co.

No one who ever listened to Humperdink's opera, *Königskinder*, could ever

be oblivious to its charm. For the sake of those who have never heard the opera, and for those who desire to have a permanent means of recalling it, Anna Alice Chapin has written the fairy tale, "*Königskinder*." The book is uniform with her other opera stories told for children, and is illustrated with photographs of this particular opera. In style the book is wholly charming, and the story of the little goose girl and the King's Son is told with great delicacy. Each chapter has at its beginning a few bars of melody and an explanation of the motives. Such a book gives a wonderful opportunity to a child for a comprehension of the structure of an opera. Aside from its musical interest, "*Königskinder*" is a beautiful and pathetic story. Harper & Bros.

A small French boy, of the times of Charles VI, is the hero of "*The Little Count of Normandy*," by Evaleen Stein. Son of a noble house, and direct heir to the title, his life is sought by a wicked and scheming uncle who repeatedly attempts to kidnap him. The story takes the lad through a series of thrilling escapes, captures and disguises, until he wins his uncle's love, and is placed beyond the necessity of evading him. Delicate and accurate pictures are given of the life and customs in a Norman castle. The far-famed Mount Saint Michael, its fishing village, and the cowed brothers of the Abbey are beautifully described. There is grace and sympathy to the narrative, as well as the quality of interest, which make it a real addition to juvenile literature. L. C. Page & Co.

The leading one-act-comedy in George Middleton's "*Embers*" gives the name to his book of six such playlets and is by far the best. As the title-page states all are "of contemporary life"; but they are all centered on men

and women no longer young and three have to deal with love between a married woman and another man. Even in these there is nothing suggestive or offensive, the passion has smoldered in its own ashes. Only once is it allowed to rise to frenzy and then the husband has had the good taste to be dead for some time. The interpretation of American middle-age is certainly searching and realistic. The ready mechanic of plays that have actually been presented on the stage is evident on every page, the puppets have their exits and their entrances on the exact dot. The English is clever and direct. Henry Holt & Co.

"Janey," is the heroine of a book taking her name for its title, which is intended primarily for parents. But its readers will hardly be confined to so limited a circle, in fact it would be difficult to find a person, young or old, who would not be fascinated by Janey. The author, Inez Haynes Gillmore, has given us in former books, very careful and minute studies of boy and girl life. Janey is nine, with most of the characteristics of that age, together with a delightful originality much cultivated by a journalistic uncle. She encounters the various crises of child life, and comes in touch also with a number of the great problems of all time. Janey is not "too good to be true," but just good enough. All the other characters are extremely natural; the playmates of Janey, with their varying traits and dispositions, and the young, pretty mother, rather incapable of understanding so unusual a child. As a whole the book is enlivening and lovable. Henry Holt & Co.

In "The Far Triumph," by Elizabeth De Jeans, we have a novel which will take its place immediately in the front ranks of modern fiction. It is a powerful book, and is engaged in proving,

not what seems a favorite task of far too many stories, that conventions and ideals are old-fashioned, and are to be supplanted as rapidly as possible by natural instincts, but rather that right is right, and the fine old principles of true living as desirable to-day as they ever were. The author expresses her ultimate idea thus. "I maintain that a really good woman cannot be harmed, that the good in her will triumph whatever the circumstances, stress or strain. It will be a far triumph gradually evolved through experience and suffering, but triumph it will." As an embodiment of this ideal Esther Riehoff is a powerful figure and one not soon to be forgotten. Many ugly aspects of life are presented, but the book has a decidedly tonic effect. J. B. Lippincott Co.

"The Vista of English Verse," through which the reader of the volume which bears that title looks, is surely a long vista, reaching back to the sixteenth century, to ancient ballads and "The Faerie Queen" and coming down to Newbolt and Kipling and Yeats and Noyes; but it is a vista of unfailing delight, with verse of many measures, varied themes and rare beauty all along the way. The collection is the outgrowth of an earlier anthology which the editor, Henry S. Pancoast, prepared, primarily for school and college use, a dozen years ago, under the title "Standard English Poems." But, in the new edition, the notes are discarded, the range of selection is extended, and the book, newly christened, appears in the dainty form chosen by the publishers, Henry Holt & Co., for "The Poetic New-World," "The Poetic Old-World" and other charming anthologies in prose and verse. Exquisitely printed and bound, the book is outwardly alluring, while its contents make it thoroughly worth while.

Gilbert K. Chesterton's "The Ballad of the White Horse" takes its name from the tradition which makes the valley in Berkshire called the Vale of the White Horse the scene of King Alfred's final victory over the Danes. It is with this victory and all that led up to it that the ballad has to do. Mr. Chesterton frankly admits that the incidents of the ballad are not historical; and that he deals with King Alfred as a popular legend only. "I write," he says, "as one ignorant of everything, except that I have found the legend of a King of Wessex still alive in the land." But, whatever may be Mr. Chesterton's ignorance or his knowledge, he has caught the spirit of the old ballads, and puts as much vigor into the verse as if this, and not clever essay-writing, were his natural form of expression. Into this tale of the old fight between Christian civilization and heathenism he introduces also reflections and prophecies which suggest certain present-day conflicts between faith and its denial. John Lane Co.

One occasionally comes across a novel, in which the personality of one character is vivid and dominating enough to make us forget plot, technique, and all the other requisites. In "The Third Miss Wenderby," by Mabel Barnes-Grundy, we have such a character, and in addition, a plot of unusual interest also. Diana Wenderby is one of the most original heroines in modern fiction. Read the account of her "religious mania" at the age of eight, and you will immediately fall captive to her charms as did everyone in the book. Diana is not in the least "psychic," but fresh, "out-of-doorsy," and matter of fact, as well as whimsical and bewitching. In view of the failing fortunes of her family she is obliged to go out as a nursery governess, and the account of her experiences is amusing and pathetically true to life. Mrs. Pop-

pleton, Diana's employer, is a character of a type unfortunately too numerous in the world,—one whom we laugh at one minute and are inclined to weep for the next. Passing through trials which make her womanly without marring her spirit, Diana comes at last to find real happiness in Tommy, her old playmate. A warmly human story, it will be returned to often by those who read it once. The Baker & Taylor Co.

Dean Hodges' "Everyman's Religion" is aptly named; for it is not a theological discussion, nor a presentation of the views embodied in any particular creed, but a consideration of the fundamental and essential things which underlie every form of religion and enter into the thought and influence the life of many who do not regard themselves as religious at all. The background of "Everyman's Religion" Dean Hodges finds to be the fact of mystery; the fundamental facts of religion are the being of God and the soul of man; that which constitutes religion is the relation between the soul of man and the life of God; the real miracle is the fatherhood of God,—the assurance that God cares; the supreme disclosure of God is God shining through the person of Christ; and the supreme requirement of religion is character as defined by Christ and illustrated in His life. Dean Hodges does not write for theologians, though he deals with questions which underlie all theology. He writes for laymen, and especially for those who are perplexed and befogged by conflicting theories. He writes with simplicity, force and directness; and the intent and the effect of what he writes is to deepen in the reader the sense of the reality of unseen things, and the possibility of a close and vital communion between the soul and God. The Macmillan Co.

"Off the Main Road" by Victor L. Whitechurch is laid in an English hamlet, well away from civilization and quite unspotted from the world. When the old rector dies, the number of complications to be adjusted is tremendous, and the story hinges on the developments incident to the coming of the new clergyman. Old Jasper Minshull, who lives morosely by himself, is impregnable against the gossip of Little Marpleton and in the course of years has come to be a source of pride to the villagers for that very reason. His peace threatens to be shattered when not only do two old gentlemen try to marry him to an elderly niece Kezia, but the new family at the rectory turns out to be that of a girl to whom he had been engaged in his early manhood. The story of his love for her daughter, Nora, of the changes in his whole life because of the things he can do for her and her fiancé makes the backbone of the plot. But it is a question whether the old gentlemen with their prize vegetable marrows, their rather Anglo-Saxon jokes and their solicitude for Kezia's matrimonial prospects are not more of an achievement. The dialect is admirably used, and the author shows a keen understanding of village usages and of human nature. On the very first page a key is struck that never drops throughout the course of the book. It is delightful through and through. The Baker & Taylor Co.

Two more volumes, the fifth and sixth, of *The Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson* have been published by the Houghton Mifflin Co.—edited, like the others, by Edward W. Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. As in the earlier volumes, it is not only or primarily Emerson the philosopher but Emerson the man of whom we get intimate and delightful disclosures in these volumes. The years from 1838 to 1844, the age from 35 to 41, are covered in the

passages printed in these volumes. It was during this period that the first volume of Mr. Emerson's essays was published; concerning which he wrote in his *Journal* "Let the page be filled with the character, not with the skill of the writer." It was also during this period that a great grief came to him,—the death of his son Waldo, a little lad of five. "Every trampler that ever tramped is abroad" wrote Emerson three days later, "but the little feet are still." Over and over, thoughts of the little life which had been taken from him recur in his *Journal*. "The chrysalis which he brought in with care and tenderness and gave to his mother to keep is still alive, and he, most beautiful of the children of men, is not here." And again: "Every place is handsome or tolerable where he has been." And again: "I have seen the poor boy, when he came to a tuft of violets in the wood, kneel down on the ground, smell of them, kiss them, and depart without plucking them." All this is simple enough, it may be said; and even commonplace; but it shows Emerson in the most human aspect, and there are no passages in these *Journals* more moving than these in which the father's heart lays itself bare. A portrait of the little boy, which opens the sixth volume, goes far to explain the poignancy of the father's grief. We have in these volumes intimate glimpses of Thoreau, who was for two years one of Mr. Emerson's household; of Alcott, of whom he writes sometimes with considerable freedom; of certain English guests whose eccentricities wearied him; of Elizabeth Hoar, who was a beloved friend; and many others of his contemporaries. There are fragments of his lectures and addresses, as first cast; bits of verse, which show some of his best-known poems in the making; and much else beside of personal and literary and religious interest.